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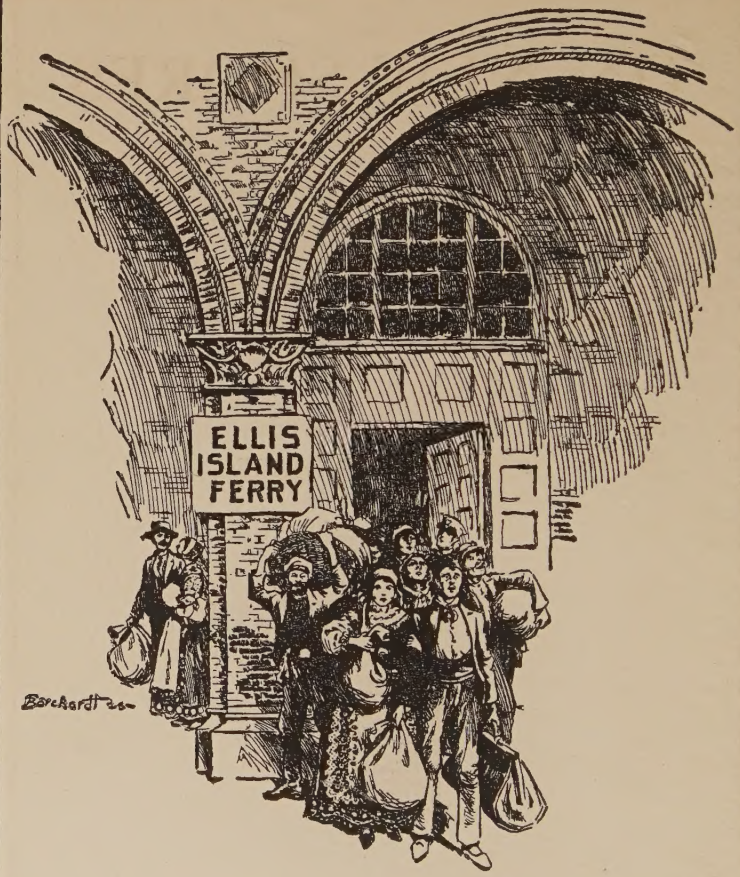

Through the portals of the Ellis Island Ferry they come in droves daily, the emigrants, the new Americans, with features tense and eyes wide, eager for this great adventure on new shores

ON NEW SHORES

BY

KONRAD BERCOVICI

Author of "AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK," etc.

Illustrated by

NORMAN BORCHARDT

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To
LORING A. SCHULER

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ON NEW SHORES

ON NEW SHORES

CHAPTER I

ON NEW SHORES

UNDERNEATH the slowly melting surface in the crucible containing the diverse human materials of this country there is a metal that resists the melting. The heat can reach only from the top of the vessel. The bottom of the crucible is cold.

The different chunks lie in well-ordered proximity, one near the other, and are in constant friction, but of actual melting there is hardly a beginning. A casual observer, upon seeing the adaptation of the superficialities of life by the different immigrants who have come here, rapidly reaches the conclusion that the melting is not only taking place but has already been effected by certain populations, that there remains but little to be done to bind the spirit as well as the bone and flesh of the country. As a matter of fact, however, whether for good or bad, the different materials are far from being melted together, are far from being a cohesive whole, are far from being that amalgam of which others have already spoken

generations ago. The melting-pot is yet a plausible theory only and not a fact.

It is unwise to believe that a multitude of different peoples could have suddenly dropped all their culture, all their traditions, and all their customs, with the readiness and ease one changes a collar, to adopt another culture and other traditions and other customs and habits. Customs and traditions are the spiritual bone-formation of a race, of a nation. The formation of bones does not change in one decade or in one generation just because one has changed climate or because one learns to speak a different language.

One adapts himself quite rapidly to the superficialities of life in the first years of one's arrival in this country. Men shave off their beards and their mustaches, and women abandon colored shawls their grandmothers have worn, because one does not want to appear more singular than everybody around him. One learns the necessary few hundred words with which to go about in life, but those are only the words needed for immediate necessities, to buy and sell commodities met with at every junction in the every-day life. But what is deeper than that in a man's soul —traditions, customs, faiths—cannot be evoked, cannot be expressed in the few hundred words of the new language acquired. It is either expressed in one's own language or remains locked in the breast, to take ever deeper roots, or to fester, sore, and gangrene the soul.

In case of national danger, as in the case of the last war, those who have come with the intention to make here their home will spring to the defense of their house and land, even against people of their own blood. But life is between the two extremes of peace and war and is not to be judged by the action of a group in an emergency.

The pioneers of this country may have come here in pursuit of spiritual liberty only. Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, may have come here because of love of adventure only. But the great bulk of the populations here have come to better their material circumstances, because of work that could be obtained here quicker than in their home country, because of land that could be got here cheaper than elsewhere and worked to greater advantage, because wheat and corn and oats grow here a greater number of bushels per acre and sell at a higher price than elsewhere. The subconscious motto of life of most of the people is *ubi bene, ibi patria;* where it is well, there is my fatherland. Just as they have moved from one country to another in search of better land and better conditions, the people who have come here, even to the second and third generation, do not hesitate to move from State to State in search of better conditions. And if the land of any other adjoining country should come to be reputed to be more productive and cheaper, there has not been, there is not, and there would not

be any hesitation on the part of a great percentage of our farmers about going there. People have gone to Canada for better land. Canadians have come here for the same purpose, and have gone to Mexico and Argentina and Cuba.

There is, however, a growing feeling among our diverse populations, now that immigration has been limited and those who are here are considering themselves more or less part of the country, that the country is what they are making it to be, when they are part and parcel of it. The abstract sense of false patriotism and glorification with which the new immigrant has been imbued is fast dwindling, and the country with its potentialities and its spiritual life is presenting itself in a more concrete way before his eyes.

There is less ostentatious flag-kissing among the immigrants, and a good deal more interest in the vitals of the economic and political machinery of the country.

What is now happening in this country is not very different from what happened during the original settlement of Europe thousands of years ago. Wave of immigration succeeded wave. Those who came last were considered, by the ones they found already occupying the land and the mountains and the rivershores, as vandals and barbarians who came to encroach upon them. And when they had driven their predecessors off or were themselves driven away, or

when the erstwhile vandals and barbarians allied themselves with the people they had found before them in order to stem the tide of a new wave of immigration that then came upon them, as frequently the case, the mutual erstwhile enemies tried to impose their combined rule upon new-comers.

In this process of the settlement of Europe people wandered about for months and years, trying to find such land and such climate as suited them best. They did not rest definitely anywhere until they had found a more or less close reproduction of the climate, the geographical position, and the quality of soil they had left behind. It is a well established fact that the names of mountains and rivers and cities and lakes of Europe are the names of mountains and cities and lakes in the regions where the original settlers had come from. It is by these names that the origins of European peoples have been definitely traced.

There were undoubtedly several periods of assimilation after the first unrests of settlement passed. The older settlers wanted to impose their rule, their religion, their customs, their language upon the new-comers. The similarity of many languages spoken by unrelated European peoples is partial proof of that. Few of the European languages have one single origin. Words have either been imposed by a conqueror, or they have crept into the language in the peaceful intercourse between different nations.

What peoples in Europe are defending when they

are defending the integrity of their territory is not so much the territory itself as the certainty that they could exist best only in that climate and in that geographical position in which they have lived for so many hundreds of years, and which were selected by the original invaders of the country.

On a different scale and under different conditions, but moved essentially by the same motives, the settlement of this country is now being effected. Like the waves of immigrants into Europe, thousands of years ago, the people originally coming here are being sifted and resifted. They wander about from one end of the continent to the other when they first arrive here, or go directly where people of their own kind have settled. Ultimately, after traveling up and down, east, north, west, and south, crisscrossing in every possible direction, they settle where they do, not only because people of their own kind are there, but because it suits them climatically and topographically better, because it resembles the home of their origin.

One cannot very well uphold this as an absolute fact so far as the industrials of these populations are concerned. They move about from one place to the other wherever work can be found. But even they do not establish themselves in climates and in positions totally alien to them. When they do, their homing is not permanent. Spaniards are very rare in the north and northwest of the country. There are neither Norwegians, Swedes, nor Danes in the south.

Architecture of homes follows climatic conditions and is not national in character. The south here is like the south of Europe. The north is like the north of Europe, the north everywhere.

The vaster number of the people who have come here from Europe are agriculturists. Eighty-five per cent of the Russians, Germans, Italians, Magyars, and South Slavs give their occupation as agriculture when they arrive here. It is true that only 15 per cent of this total number goes immediately to work at the erstwhile occupation. At first industrial occupations seem more remunerative. The stranger still translates the value of the dollar into the value of his own coin. The novelty of the regular pay-envelope, whether winter or summer, is tantalizing.

But after a while, when the novelty has worn off, and when the immigrant has finally reached by himself the real value of the dollar in this country, and finds out more than he has known before about agricultural conditions here, he is anxious to save enough money to hie himself and his family back to the land. Agriculture is not only an occupation; it is a disease, like the arts.

The greater part of our new agriculturists are not recruited directly from their countries of origin. The working conditions and the earnings in the mines of Pennsylvania and Ohio and the steel mills of Pittsburgh and Chicago and the diggings of the Mesaba

Range convert these people back to agriculture. Those who have saved enough money return home to buy land in their own country, or remain here. When they intend to remain here, those people begin to look around to find such conditions and such soil as those to which they have been accustomed.

For the selfsame reason the New-Englanders settled in Massachusetts, although it was by no means the best land they could have obtained and found in those days. For the same reason the Poles and northern Italians are now taking over the abandoned farms. Like the New-Englander, who is accustomed to the same mean of climate and temperature, like the New-Englander because of his large family, the Pole and the Italian will be able to compete with his product in the market against people with smaller families from different regions. Like the New-Englander the Pole or Italian has been hungry for land. He prefers a hundred acres of infertile land, producing what fifty fertile acres would produce, because of the vastness of the possession. He wants to feel the sensation of ownership of many cattle. He prefers twenty unproductive cattle to ten giving a greater quantity of milk.

Two peoples of such vastly different outer characteristics as the Poles and the Italians are now competing for a livelihood and a home on the abandoned New England farms. The Poles are winning out, because of their one point of advantage, the similarity of the climatic conditions to those of their own country of

origin. And if the struggle should not end definitely in favor of one or the other there is a possibility of a new race forming itself now on the New England plains. There are already a number of deep-blue-eyed, brown-skinned, dark-haired children running about the villages.

In Michigan another group of Poles settled some fifty or sixty years ago, and prospered not because of favorable conditions but in spite of unfavorable ones, reclaiming thousands of acres of cut-over land; because the part of Michigan along Lake Huron presented similarities to the place they had come from. It would be easy for the future historians, even when all apparent vestiges of races and languages should have disappeared, to trace the origin of the first settlers there. There is a village called Posen, and another called Cracaw. There is a road called Poleroad. There is a little creek called the Kaziemierzska Creek.

Around 1870, because of adverse economical conditions, and religious oppressions, the southern Slovaks began to immigrate into this country. Tens of thousands of them were employed in the coal and steel regions of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. They have spread now among nearly seven hundred smaller towns and villages in those States. There are strictly agricultural communities of these people in Petersburg, Virginia, and in Slovaktown, Arkansas. All these agricultural communities are settled by former miners or industrial workers. One is almost sure to find a

group of Czecho-Slovaks near one of Poles wherever one might happen to be. And it is not love that drags them near one another but similarity of climate and geographical conditions. One is sure to meet groups of Russians and German Russians, East Prussians, where one meets Czecho-Slovaks and Poles. One is certain to meet large groups of Germans wedging in between them. Italians live near Frenchmen with Spaniards and Greeks as neighbours. Finns live near Russians, Norwegians, and Swedes. And it is not merely an accident that the only Icelandic community in this country should be in the coldest region of North Dakota.

The whole map of Europe could be reproduced over and over and over again in this country. The people of the north of Europe live in the north of this country; the people of the west live in the west; those of the south live in the south.

The Finlander will settle upon peat-land because he has peatland in his own country.

The Dutchman will settle near rivers in the marshes, draining the land, standing to his knees in mud.

The Italians will look for land upon the slopes of mountains. The Rumanians will go to valleys, the Hungarians to vast plains. Those populations who have been accustomed to vast tracts of land in Europe will occupy vast tracts of land here, whether profitably or not.

The Portuguese or the Belgian will insist on inten-

sive culture of a small piece of land, even when extensive culture on a larger one would be more profitable in the place he happens to be.

The Japanese occupy land in California because it more or less reproduces the conditions of their country, for the same reason that the Spaniards still cling tenaciously to the southern part of California.

Among those diverse races and nations there is the same friction and the same struggle for supremacy going on as if they had never left their home shores. Out of these frictions many friendships are born, many understandings. It seems to me that before this country will really be the United States of America it will have to become the United States of Europe. It is heading that way. There is a great deal of intermarriage between the erstwhile natural traditional enemies.

In a little village in Michigan, in Essexville, the merchants, though mostly Belgians and French, have had to learn the language of the Hollanders in order to do business with the Hollanders who have lived there for several generations. In Posen many of the Poles have had to learn German in order to transact business with the German business men, who by reason of their superiority refuse to learn the language of the people.

In Dakota a Norwegian insurance agent spoke fluently the patois of the German Russians of South Dickinson.

An Icelander had learned French in order to communicate with the people of the little village of Wild Rice, who had come there some sixty or seventy years ago.

A Genoese owner of a vineyard in Half Moon Bay, in San Francisco, had learned all about the laws of this country in the Italian language. He had even read translations of our literature into his own. It was sweet to hear him pronounce Whitman, Poe, Jack London, Emerson, and the names of our modern writers.

Had it not been for my meagre knowledge of Italian I should have been a mute man in Tontine, Texas, in the Italian colony.

In Wisconsin I was welcome because I spoke German. The English of the other people, here forty years, was unintelligible even to my ear, trained as it is to grasp mispronounced words. On Russian Hill a group of Russians were incensed because they did not believe in my ignorance of the Russian language, and yet they spoke English well enough. . . .

One must not forget that all these people cling tenaciously to their languages and traditions. In their eyes children commit high treason when they no longer speak the language of their parents very fluently. Only in the first year or so after immigration, in the bewilderment of the new surroundings, is the superiority of the nationality of this country admitted. Soon afterward the imbued idea of superiority that is in every nation asserts itself. Bits of the old home

become dear again. The national costume is put on during holidays. The old songs are revived, and old customs are reinstated with renewed vigor. Fathers point with pride to their sons and their daughters when the sons and daughters still converse fluently in the language of their parents. Hundreds of newspapers in as many languages, hundreds of churches, hundreds of national schools, hundreds of societies and groups are keeping all the old traditions alive. After the first flush, during which everything new is accepted as better than what has been, the Finn and the Pole and the Norwegian and the Swede and the German and the Englishman begin to look with critical eyes at everything. They compare, weigh, and measure; and nine times out of ten they return to their own life, accepting only reluctantly what they must. You will hear them say that there are sentiments inexpressible in English. That the meat at home tastes better. That it gives more vigor and is sweeter. That the vegetables and fruit taste better in their country. The American table has been enriched with tens of dishes unknown here a few generations ago.

There has been much talk about how this, that, and the other race has been assimilated rapidly because it is assimilable. Assimilation, however, is only really possible by intermarriage. There has been very little intermarriage between these people and the Anglo-Saxon element of the country. The Anglo-Saxon has

preached assimilation but has not been so ready to receive the sons of the newly arrived people into the bosom of his family. What is really meant by assimilation is only the acceptance and imitation of Anglo-Saxon civilization, of Anglo-Saxon modes of life, of Anglo-Saxon business methods, of Anglo-Saxon dress and the Anglo-Saxon language. People are considered assimilated or assimilable to that degree with which they are capable of imitating the existing order of things. Such appraisal of assimilatory abilities is false. Only those people assimilate rapidly whose own culture is not very deep, whose own culture is not very valuable. It is comparatively easy for an uncultured individual or group of individuals, whose range of emotion is expressed in their own language in three or four hundred words, to learn these three or four hundred words in any language for the purpose of daily transactions and expressions of emotions. But it is difficult for a spiritually higher-minded individual or group of individuals, whose culture is far deeper, needing thousands of words to express more vivid emotions, to learn these thousands of words in another language. The emotionally and culturally low individual does not leave as much behind him, over which to ruminate and think, as the emotionally highly developed individual who is continually wondering whether the new is worth as much as what he has left behind him. The baser metals melt first. They melt at straw-heat. Assimilation faculties are not proof of

better quality. Silver, gold, platinum, require intense heat to melt. And even when amalgamated with baser metals they retain their value.

From these seemingly unassimilable groups of individuals this country will profit more than it will from the readily assimilable ones, because they are of a higher order, because their culture will in time transfuse itself and be absorbed by the populations about them. Because what they will give is more than they can receive. It is no proof of goodness to part with the last dime. It is more difficult to share the first half-million. Magnificent spiritual values are now infiltrating themselves into the soul and the culture of this country. Because of the lack of physical boundaries between States, because of the freedom of movement of all the descendants of all these people who have first come here, a new race is in process of formation. The longer it will take for its evolving into a type the better it will be for the ultimate good and value of the country.

From this friction and elbowing and intermarrying in the future, through a tremendous travail, while the immigrants who have come here from other countries will disappear, their descendants will form and build something new, something that has never been before at any time in history anywhere in the world. Not a nation, but groups of individuals whose bond will be fitness to live in that particular part of the country where they will have settled. When that will have

happened Americans will no longer say: "I am of Scotch descent. Of Irish descent. Of English, Jewish, Italian, or Norwegian blood." Instead they will say, "I am an Ohioan, a Pennsylvanian, a Californian." The American of the future will not be a type. He will breed back to the best of the original stock of his ancestors who have invaded the plains on the Danube, the forests of Galicia, the fiords and the snowy mountains and valleys of Norway and Finland, the slopes of England and the hills of Italy; breed back to the stock before it was split and cleft into nations and political parties. Regional fitness will be the great arbiter of the type of the future American.

CHAPTER II

THE DANISH COMMUNITY IN ASKOV, MINNESOTA

THE first Danish immigration to America dates back to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Henry Hudson had just gone back home and reported to the king of the fertile and rich fields which he had seen. The Danish king upon hearing this immediately sent a number of ships under the leadership of Captain Munk, who remained in what is now known as Hudson Bay and took possession of the land in the name of the king of Denmark. They named the settlement which they formed Nova Dania, New Denmark. But Indians quickly made an end to that first Danish colony in America.

About the year 1640 two rich Danes, one of whom was named Johanes Bronck, with their retinue of servants, sailed the ocean and settled in New Amsterdam, now New York, in that part of the city which is now known as the Bronx.

A number of sailors on Danish vessels soon afterward abandoned sea life and settled in the Bronx, forming an exclusively Danish community. This small group was subsequently merged with the Dutch population living around them, but in the succeeding

years so many Danes came in larger groups that they kept their individuality for a much longer period. Small groups assimilate easily. Large groups keep their national individuality alive. Before 1850 the greater part of these immigrants were mostly seamen and adventurers who came for quick returns on their moneys or work. But after that period Danes from all walks of life, especially men bent on the exploitation of the fertile fields of this country, came in greater numbers.

Around that time a Danish handbook for immigrants to the United States of America was published in Denmark. That handbook, together with several supplements, furnished the Danish immigrant with information about climate, geographical position, price and value of land, the kind of crops that could be raised, and the laws of the country.

Within the next ten years five thousand Danish immigrants arrived in America. In the ten years following twice the number came. At least half of them were Danes who had been converted to Mormonism and who had come to America to join the Mormon colonies in Utah. How much they have helped to transform the Utah desert into fertile country is not recorded but can be fathomed from what the Danes have done wherever they have settled.

From the year 1898 the Danish immigration rose year by year until by the end of 1905 the total had reached eight thousand new immigrants every year.

"Medvirkende Mejeri," Coöperative Dairy. Coöperation and thrift are keys to the temperaments of the Danish (and for that matter Scandinavians) isolated as they were for so many centuries on the Scandinavian Peninsula and the adjacent lands north of Russia

In all three hundred and twenty-five thousand Danes had immigrated to America till then. With the children born of Danish parents there are close to half a million Danes all over the United States. How rapidly they have Americanized themselves is shown by the fact that of the hundred and ten thousand Americans of Danish birth over twenty-one years of age in 1920, 70 per cent were American citizens and almost all the others had taken out their first papers. In the States of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Minnesota there are more than a hundred thousand people of Danish birth. There are about nineteen thousand Danes in California alone. Twenty-six thousand farmers of Danish birth own their farms, and the number of farms operated by people of Danish birth and their children is said to be over forty thousand.

Dairying in the United States is practically the result of the work done by the Danish people here. At a time when the greatest immigration from Denmark began, dairying had reached the highest perfection in Denmark. It had until then been everywhere, as well as here, only a farm industry with the women taking care of the few cattle and holding on to the "butter-money," which served like the celebrated pin-money of the cities. But in Denmark in the early seventies dairying had been changed into a large industry. The experiments and discoveries of Danish scientists in that branch of farming as well as the invention of the cream-separator, also the work of a Dane, had entirely

revolutionized the milk, butter, and cheese industry.

The Danes brought over their achievements here and introduced them, established dairies on a scale heretofore undreamed of anywhere. They had no sooner settled upon the land when they started their community dairies after the Danish pattern. The natives and other immigrants soon learned from them what they could and imitated them; the fame of American dairies spread all over Europe, and immigrants from all over Europe came here to engage in the profession. It was no longer farming; it was dairying. There are many sections of the country in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin in which the dairies are all owned or managed by Danes.

What has made the Danes a great success in this country in farming as well as dairying is their great inclination for coöperation. Indeed, I have even heard it said that the whole coöperative movement in the United States is of Danish origin and that only those coöperative movements which are based on the Danish plan have been successful. Wherever there is a Danish community you find coöperative buying and selling, coöperative insurance companies, coöperative creameries, coöperative distribution. It is this spirit of coöperation which engenders a certain spirit of independence, not only of the individual but of the whole community. The Dane never says, "My farm produces this or that"; he says, "Our farms produce," etc. He says, "We are a wealthy community," and never

says, "I am a wealthy farmer"; although every one keeps his individual cash as the product of his labor.

Some of the neighbors living around Danish communities have frequently spoken to me about their clannishness; but it seemed to me that it was not clannishness that kept them together but the ability to cooperate, which is better developed among them than among any other people.

It is true that, like every other nation, they are anxious to keep together as much as possible. They are not willing to shed their own customs and traditions as one sheds a soiled shirt in favor of a clean one. One Dane quite clearly expressed that thought to me when he said: "It is true that we have been given opportunities to buy land in this country, but we have not dispossessed anybody. We have taken worthless land and made it fertile, and we have brought to this country an industry which was not here before, dairying. We are now, by our example, trying to give to the farmer another thing of which he has not known, coöperative buying and selling. Intensive farming is also one of our gifts to this country."

My good friend, Hugh Hughes, whom I met in St. Paul, after learning what I was after, said to me: "I will tell you what. You go up to Askov. It is up the St. Croix on the way to the Red River valley. You will travel through miles and miles of poplar. You will see huge piles of stones where the land has been cleared, and suddenly you will come upon some-

thing that will keep your eyes wide open. It will be the community of Askov, where the Danes settled some fifteen years ago. And if you are lucky enough to get old Mosbaek to talk to you, if he will open up, you will learn something."

Four or five hours later I was actually sitting on one of the chairs of his home and facing Mosbaek. I had brought a letter of introduction from Hughes. The bearded, deep-eyed, gray-haired man slowly took his eyeglasses from his pocket and looked over the letter. As he read, occasionally looking over his glasses at me, his wife, who was dressed in spotless white and had just cleared up the table, appeared. Immediately behind her stood a huge, brawny fellow.

"My wife, my son," Mosbaek introduced. And as the son stood humbly awaiting his father's orders the old man's eyes grew soft as he measured him up and down. Then he turned to me. "Another son, just like him, I buried not long ago."

Then he spoke in Danish to his son, instructing him about work that was to be done that afternoon. The youngster had a most profound respect for his father. He did not click his heel, military fashion, but he bowed himself out of the room; the bow was intended as much for his father as for me. Then the hired man arrived for his instructions. He had just driven in with a big load of ferns from the marshes. Mosbaek's voice was as kind and to the point as if he were talking to his own son; indeed, it seemed to me

he expressed more kindliness in talking to the stranger.

Some twenty years ago, Ludwig Mosbaek, then a vegetable man in Chicago, made up his mind that the big city was no home for his children. Any other man, upon coming to this conclusion, would have taken his small savings and gone out somewhere to look for a suitable farm to buy, on which to establish himself, but not so Ludwig Mosbaek. He had also reached the conclusion that the slums and poor neighborhoods in which a number of Danes were living in Chicago was no place for them either.

I can imagine the fiery and convincing oratory he must have used on the men he wished to come with him. For even to-day, when he is an old man of sixty-five, his voice is vibrant with life, his smile is ready and kind, and there is a twinkle in his eyes. I think he could still convince any man or woman of anything he wished. Some of those people had been gardeners in their own country, others had been tailors, shoemakers, others grocers. But in Chicago they had taken any employment they could get.

Ludwig Mosbaek finally got six of the men together, and some land agent with whom he had spoken induced them to come out to Askov, Minnesota, to have a look at the land.

When they arrived at Askov the land was covered with three or four feet of snow. But Mosbaek liked it just the same and convinced the others to like it also, and the six of them bought a large tract of cut-

over land, returned home, and began to make preparations to move on the land in the spring.

Mosbaek, surveying his farm and the farms of his neighbors, shook his head and said: "I would not do it to-day again. But I am glad I did it." This may or may not be contradictory, but it reveals the state of his mind. In due time those six Danes arrived, and each one set about to do his own work, unaccustomed as they were to doing that kind of labor. Not one of them would have remained, and there would have been another tract of abandoned land begging for some buyer, if it had not been for Mosbaek. He kept them together with fiery words and examples, always pointing to the benefits for future generations; and they stuck. They were not doing all that only for themselves, but for their children.

The following year another group of Danes from Chicago came and settled in the neighborhood. Another group from Iowa followed. A fresh lot from Denmark joined them. And Danes from Nebraska, Illinois, and the Dakotas who had become dissatisfied with their holdings, either because the land was not fertile enough or because they had none of their own people about them, came and joined the Askov community.

The initiative and the coöperative spirit which had started the colony were kept up. The land was extremely fertile. One can do more on forty acres in that part of Minnesota than on eighty elsewhere.

These men and women came to Askov, not to gain money, but to establish homes. And they did. Even more than that, they established practically another little Denmark. The farms lie a distance away, but the houses are built close to one another. In order to hold their children to the community, different forms of recreation are furnished. There are singing-classes, a band, and dancing.

Before there were twenty women on the place there was a ladies' aid society. A modest church was built at first, but this was later enlarged to one of the most beautiful in the vicinity. There was no attempt to get into the melting-pot quickly and forget everything Danish. Indeed, the opposite was true. The older Danes strove to retain old traditions and to infuse them into the younger generation. It is a Danish community in America with a Danish-speaking church and Danish societies. Not one of the younger generation who does not speak Danish as well as he does English; and they do speak English well in Askov.

The school population is approximately two per family. There are two hundred families in Askov and four hundred children in school; and although an hour a day is given to the teaching of Danish, it is not subtracted from the total hours devoted to other subjects, but added to them. Most of the Danish farm children go to high school. It struck me that these Danes are about as good Americans as the country will ever have. Indeed, they had been Americans while they were still

in Denmark. They really came here because they wanted to join a like-minded people who had greater tracts of land than could be found in Denmark. For neither Denmark nor the United States, Mosbaek told me, is a country; it is a state of mind.

Though Mosbaek was the founder of the colony he does not go about strutting. He is by far not the richest man in the community. He has spent most of his time making the other people wealthy. He takes great pride now in their well-being, in the number of cattle and the number of acres they have under their control. He takes pride because he is the one who brought them there. But it is the pride of an accomplished and discharged responsibility.

He is now engaged in raising evergreens and ferns to beautify the homes of the people about him.

"Askov is a barren stretch of land. Every house needs wind-breaks," he told me. "I am growing fourteen different varieties of evergreens."

He showed me his nursery in which the little green sprouts had just broken through the earth, while others, protected from wind and sun, were just a little higher, and some were as high as two feet. "We must have these things. And because I know gardening and nursery work and it is the thing I love best, I am raising wind-breaks which my neighbors will buy from me." He gave his whole nursery a practical air, but underneath it all, when I got to know him better, I saw the great poet in the man.

We were walking down the field to see his rutabagas, which he introduced in Askov and which now are one of the staple products of the community. "Nobody wanted to buy our rutabagas," he said, "and my friends laughed when I began to raise them. You know they want Canadian rutabagas on the market. But I experimented and experimented, and then we all began to grow them in quantities. Last year we sold three hundred car-loads. We are competing with Canada now. Our rutabagas are as crisp and tender as theirs."

On the way Mosbaek stopped. A butterfly and a bee were humming about a flower. A great tenderness spread over his handsome weather-beaten face. His clear eyes, under his heavy, bushy brows, filmed with tender tears:

"A butterfly and a bee and a flower. A butterfly and a bee and a flower," he repeated several times.

But this poet is also dreaming practical things. He is tired of dreaming of castles in Spain and of the dancing of bayaderes in Damascus. He is dreaming about better potatoes and better rutabagas. Instead of dreaming high-sounding words he has dreamt out coöperative markets and a coöperative dairy. And like all poets he hurt himself against the wall of practicality.

Peterson, the banker, is the practical man in the community. Everything Mosbaek dreamed was dissected and crosscut by the practical Peterson. He

was willing to advance money on many of the enterprises Mosbaek proposed, but he imposed hard conditions: he demanded that each man work at least ten hours a day on his farm.

"He worked ten hours when he worked for others; let him work ten hours for himself," he argued.

When they came to him for an advance of money with which to start a coöperative creamery he had had enough experience not to say no. They started one with 199 cattle which they owned in common. They did not sell the cream. They sold the butter. And the receipts were divided after all the expenses, including all overhead and a sinking-fund, were taken out of the total. The Askov coöperators are now selling more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of butter a year; and as they have improved their stock they are selling between forty and fifty thousand dollars' worth of it to their neighbors and adjoining communities. The stock is not sold individually in a competing market; there is a live-stock shipping association, and a manager who knows his business is at the head of it. They pay him a salary and get the full price at which the stock is sold, without any commissions deducted from it.

Their coöperative insurance company has now grown so popular in the neighborhood among non-Danish people that they are carrying fire-risks of more than two million dollars.

They have a coöperative potato-sorting plant and a

coöperative potato market. As I was passing by, potatoes of all sorts were dumped into the sorter. A railroad-car had drawn up alongside of the shed. Another one had already been filled and pushed aside. And while the Poles of Posen in Michigan were getting twenty-seven cents a bushel for their potatoes my Danish friends were getting almost twice that much.

They have a coöperative flour-mill and a coöperative feed-mill. Almost everything produced in Askov is sold by the coöperative market. Almost everything is bought coöperatively. In this way they get most for the least work both ways.

This small community has its own newspaper, "The American," with more than a thousand subscribers. Danes from all over the country subscribe to it, since everybody is anxious to know how the Askov community is coming on.

A fully equipped, modern printing-press was shown to me by the editor and manager of the paper. I wondered how such a small place could maintain such a plant, and when I questioned the editor he answered without any boasting:

"Oh, we do it here. We print almost everything we need here, and for other people elsewhere."

The school is one of the best equipped of its size. I found the superintendent of the school in overalls doing some labor work.

"Do you expect to keep the younger generation on the farm?" I asked him.

He opened his eyes wide, wondering that I should even ask such a question. "Where will they go?" he asked.

"Well, you cannot expect to keep them all in Askov!" I opined.

"Why not?" he asked quickly. "There is plenty of room here. The school is a good school. The land is good land. They have their parents here. They have their friends here. They have their amusements here!"

"But," said I, "the younger generation does not stick to the farm."

"Very well, we will change that," he answered calmly, and led me to the kitchen. "Our women will see to that."

Mosbaek and I walked about the village, going in and out at will through barns and stables and root-houses. Everywhere the same cleanliness and the same quiet happiness prevailed. Children passed us carrying their books and musical instruments, on their way to school or to the practice-hall.

That night there was to be a big meeting at their hall at which important things were to be discussed. Some new methods of chicken-raising were among the things to be talked over. Another meeting was to be held in another part of the village. I could not get clearly from Mosbaek what it was to be about, but from later discussions with him I came to the conclusion that it was about literature or some allied subject,

with which the people of Askov are kept in continual contact.

You never feel you are talking to a farmer when talking to any man in Askov. Their English is clear and crisp. They express themselves clearly and to the point. It was with the greatest ease that Mosbaek, the minister, I, and a few others discussed modern European literature, the old Greeks, and modern American literature, with which they all seemed especially conversant.

I realized even better the spiritual values of the community when I spoke to the pastor of the church. No country pastor he. His immense library seemed to contain every book of interest. He was particularly interested in the Greeks and the Latins and was studying modern Greek when I came upon him. There, indeed, was the secret of the success of the Askov community.

Mosbaek, the dreamer, dreaming the practical things which Peterson, the banker and practical man, helped carry out. The pastor held them all together, acting not as a representative of God but as a friend of man. The church was not merely a place men came to say their prayers once a week, but a place where men came to shake the hands of other men and to meet in a sort of coöperative praying, every one praying not for his individual success but for the success of all of them.

CHAPTER III

THE BOHEMIAN SETTLEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

THE map of the State of Wisconsin, upon which the counties are marked in different colors to denote the various foreign populations, makes that State look like a colored checker-board. There is not a single nation on earth that is not represented. The names of some of the towns and townships convey the information that the whole world is represented in Wisconsin. There is a Geneva, a Denmark, a Kaukauna, a Casanovia. There are names of French origin as well as German, Scandinavian, and many other nationalities, all within the bounds of the State of Wisconsin. Although the population of the State is nearly 80 per cent native-born, only about a million of this total are themselves of native-born parentage. No other State has been populated so rapidly by foreign population as Wisconsin. One can literally pass through Wisconsin with any language one happens to possess, sure in advance of finding some one to speak to. Out of all this a certain homogeneity, which is not at first apparent, holds them together in one com-

pact mass, although the German element predominates.

To give a fair idea of what these immigrants have done for the State of Wisconsin, it would be enough to cite merely that during the last twenty years they have every year cleared an average of fifty thousand acres of land which had until then been worthless.

One third of the population of the counties of Iron, Kenosha, Bayfield, Douglas, Ashland, Price, and Racine is composed of foreign-born populations. Larger cities like West Allis, Racine, and Kenosha are also largely populated by foreign-born people.

Out of the total of four hundred thousand foreigners a hundred and fifty-one thousand are German-born; Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Winnebago, and Dodge are so German that in passing from one city to another one merely feels that he is passing from one German province to another. There are over fifty thousand natives of Poland, some forty-five thousand natives of Norway, some twenty-two thousand Swedes, twenty-one thousand Russians, ninety thousand Czecho-Slovaks. Denmark, Italy, and England are only a little below these figures. There are also ten thousand Hungarians, eight thousand Jugoslavs, seven thousand Finlanders. Wisconsin is the most cosmopolitan State in the entire Union. One wonders, indeed, when one hears English spoken. It is like a foreign language. Not that the people do not speak English, but it sounds so foreign in that atmosphere.

As can easily be understood, a good many of the older immigrants have already become more or less assimilated, but that has happened in a different way from what might have been best. The melting-pot has been at work; the Germans have intermarried with the Norwegians, the Italians have intermarried with the Swedes, the Czecho-Slovaks with the Russians and the Poles.

Some of the younger generation actually do speak three languages: their own, the language of their father, and the language of their mother. Frequently the father and the mother know very little English and have great difficulty in understanding one another. In fact some of these intermarried people have been compelled to learn the English language as a matter of intercourse, a sort of mutual tongue between them.

What attracted people to Wisconsin in preference to any other State is hard to say. There is very seldom any definite reason for immigration to any part of the world, except the herding instinct which is in all of us. In some places it is because the land is exceptionally good, in others because of the climate of their homeland; and sometimes people have settled on very poor land because they have been called thither by some one who has preceded them and whose misery needed company.

The whole State of Wisconsin was at one time covered with magnificent white and Norway pines, hemlocks, and hardwoods. The ax of the lumberman is

no longer heard, but there are still men alive who came into the State as lumbermen and who settled upon the land after cutting down the timber. Twenty-four million acres of timber were cut in the Lake State forests before 1920. At that time only two million acres of timber-land remained in the State of Wisconsin, with scattered remnants of virgin pines of doubtful commercial value, a little hemlock, spruce, birch, and basswood. Twenty years from now, if the cutting of timber continues in the same way, there will not be enough left to make it even worth considering. It may or may not be the right course. Much of the timber-land that has been cut down is still waiting for the man courageous enough to clear it of stumps. The wide poplars and birch-trees rising thinly against the sky are an indication of man's wasteful habits. We are cutting yearly ten million acres of timber and only replacing thirty-six thousand. The actual timber extant now will not suffice for our needs for twenty years.

The first Czech to become an American citizen was the nobleman Augustine Herman, who fled his home land in 1621 to escape religious persecution after the Thirty Years' War, which had devastated old Bohemia.

Augustine Herman was the man who made the first map of the New England colonies. In recompense for his work he was given an extensive grant of land in

Maryland, which he called Bohemia Manor. Another Czech, Frederick Philipse, married Catherine Van Cortlandt, founded Yonkers near New York, and became one of the principal figures of commercial New York. A descendant of Herman, Mary Philipse, after having been courted for a long time by George Washington, married Roger Morris.

In later years fleeing Moravians and Bohemian Brethren came to North Carolina, Georgia, Pennsylvania, and established at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the first girls' seminary in America. William Pace, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a Czecho-Slovak. But the real exodus from Bohemia toward the United States began after 1848, at the epoch of the revolution which shook Europe to its foundation. About 1870 the greater numbers of Czechs were headed toward the coal and steel regions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Soon afterward, from this industrial element, which had originally been a peasant element at home, individuals and small groups began to return to the land, forming colonies which they named Petersburg, Slovaktown, and Prague, in memory of their homeland towns.

There are about four hundred thousand Czecho-Slovaks in the United States. About one million three hundred thousand are native born of Czecho-Slovak parents. You will find Czechs in two thousand towns in all the States of the Union, with fifty thousand in Chicago, twenty-three thousand in Cleve-

land, twenty-six thousand in New York. The pioneers who started out in the early days in search of good land went West in covered wagons and built Czecho-Slovak farm-houses, rude huts, or sod houses such as were originally built by their forefathers. It is safe to say that over half of the entire Czecho-Slovak population in this country is agricultural.

The Bohemians have the largest proportion of home-owning families among the nations in this country. Sixty-three per cent of the farmers own their land and homes. One hundred and ten banks in the Middle-Western States are controlled by foreign-born Czecho-Slovaks and Americans born of Czecho-Slovak parents.

I traveled on toward Ashland, Wisconsin, from Green Bay. I was told in Green Bay that at Ashland I might find a Czecho-Slovak community of more recent immigration, where these people still lived and cultivated the land in their own manner as they had done in their homeland. On the way I stopped and had a little conversation with some Swiss farmers near Oshkosh and went on from there to Stockbridge, in Calumet County, which was once an Indian reservation, and where a good many Indian farm families still live. The Indians of Stockbridge belonged to the Six Nation tribes. But after the treaty with them the government moved them away further north to poorer land than they had previously had. Although the older of the people who lived there, mostly

Germans, had got over the first sensation of living near Indians, the younger generation still felt the romance of it. One of the small boys seemed disappointed because the Indian farmers did not wear any Indian costumes nor live in wigwams.

"Gee," he told me, "in Michigan, before we came here, when they told us there were Indians living in the neighborhood, I was so glad. But them 's not Indians; they look to me a little bit like niggers."

I visited with many of these Indians; and one of them, whose wife was the president of the Indian club of the vicinity, was of a far higher type intellectually than his neighbors. But he was a poor farmer, while the strangers prospered on what had once been the Indian farms.

We traveled on, and soon the rich green of the alfalfa mirrored itself in Winnebago Lake, while nothing seemed to grow on the shallowly tilled soil of the Indian farms. Beautiful Guernsey cattle were grazing everywhere. Near Fond du Lac was the magnificent Corium Farm owned by Mr. F. G. Rueping, the leather manufacturer, who was the founder of the Guernsey herds throughout that part of the country.

Soon we reached Ashland, where I met Mr. J. F. Malisek, who together with former Senator Sanborn had been instrumental in the settlement of the Czecho-Slovak colony at Moquah, situated some twenty miles from Ashland. On our way to Moquah we passed

several farms owned by Hungarians and Rumanians. And there were some Bulgarians strewn in between. What curious sentiment attracts these Balkan people to one another! They hate one another. They have been traditional enemies for centuries. And yet in America, where they can live practically wherever they want, they still seek to live in one another's neighborhoods! As if hate was a greater tie than love or sympathy.

Most of the farms we passed were well kept, and yet there was something about them which pointed to the lack of permanency. While the tools and machinery were neatly arranged in the stable and other places, it looked as though it was ready and waiting to be moved at a moment's notice. I remarked on this to my companion, who smiled knowingly. The people on these farms had not cleared their land but had bought it immediately after the war from other farmers, who decided to retire as the price of land had gone up very high and they could sell. The main handicap of the Hungarian and Rumanian and Bulgarian people of that vicinity was that they had lived too long in the cities. Their wives and children required city entertainment, and they could no longer accustom themselves to the more or less solitary life one has to lead on the farm. They were therefore preparing to sell to others and return to the city. These farms were real-estate speculations and not homes. These people had bought to sell. It was not wheat or corn they wanted

In some of the Bohemian settlements in America, where there has been enforced isolation in the attempt to homestead lands in the forests for their very own, the second generation still give old-fashioned, extreme deference to the words of their elders; and yet even here the third generation, though with so little in touch with the outside world, are more unabashed and, sad to relate, less respectful

to raise, but city lots. They only farmed incidentally. Who does not intend to die on the farm cannot live on it.

We soon passed that region and arrived in Moquah, which means Bear in the Indian language. Suddenly everything was changed. The homes were very modest, just enough to hold the families more or less comfortably, but the barns were spacious and well kept. The cow-sheds were clean; and, although they were situated very close to the houses, much closer than on any farm kept by native Americans, there was hardly any odor in the houses. Everywhere one could see the best Guernsey cattle.

The owner of the first Bohemian farm we came to was a comparatively young man. He showed me with great pride his prize cows. And he was literally in tears when he told about the death of his bull; not because of the loss of money it entailed, for the animal had been insured, but because he had loved the bull.

"There is his little son," he said as he pointed and tenderly lifted in his arms a beautiful, golden, vigorous-looking calf.

"Would you sell him?" I asked, with my hand in my pocket as if I was ready to buy him.

He started as if offended.

"No!" he thundered at me.

And his wife, still in her home-made costume and wearing heavy boots and a shawl around her head tied in a knot under her chin, although unable to speak

a word of English, ran into the house and brought out a long string of ribbons which they had obtained at different shows in the neighborhood.

Until fifteen years ago Moquah was hardly more than a name. Some native-born Germans and some Norwegians had attempted to establish themselves there, but they did not succeed. After they had abandoned their places the brush grew so high and thick that the little log huts were completely hidden by them. And then the man who owned the land had the right idea. He engaged two men who could speak the Bohemian language and sent them out into the industrial towns. It did not take them very long to induce a few just to come out and have a look at the land, even if they were not in the market to buy anything just then. After that, life in the factories was no longer rosy to these former peasants. Mostly landless in their own country, they had seen long stretches of field that lay along Lake Superior, mellow with deep red and gold.

A small group came first. The neighbors as well as the city people, the Ashland people and the bankers, were all sympathetic. The task seemed so heroic that they admiringly lent a hand. The county helped build roads which had until then existed only on paper. From the beginning the Bohemians were encouraged to raise cattle. Not only that, but they were urged from the beginning to raise and breed the right kind of cattle. While the land was being cleared for plant-

ing, the cattle grazed between the stumps. When their huts had been built they were encouraged to live their own lives so that they would not feel themselves isolated from their own world. No one asked them not to be Bohemians. They celebrated their own holidays and their own national heroes. I have no doubt that the city superintendent of schools closed his eyes as if he did not see what was really happening; for the children must have been much more on the farm than they were in school classes. It is easy to see that this has been so. Although the English of the native-born is far from what it should be, the Czecho-Slovak, I am told, is hopelessly spoiled with inappropriate words. The youngsters need not be ashamed but should rather feel proud, for the land about them gives mute testimony of their sacrifices. And now they are learning English.

Muscek, one of them, the only son of an Amazon-looking mother and a now half-paralyzed father, pointed at his land as he said:

"Ha, nobody could do it, but we did it. It takes Bohemians to clear such land."

"But are you not an American?" I asked.

"Sure," he answered. "Is this not American land? But other Americans like me they try clear land and live here and could not."

It was this same Muscek who, although it was the open season for partridges, refused to kill any on his land. "They are so nice," he told me, "and I have seen

them the whole summer. They come to my feet. I cannot kill them."

Muscek traveled down the road with me and with a grin showed me all the abandoned sawmills of the neighbors. It was the triumph of his race.

There are some two hundred odd families of Czecho-Slovaks in and about Moquah, and what I have seen on Muscek's farm is what I have seen everywhere. Some of them had more and others had less land, but every farm was a farm and not a real-estate proposition. There was neither talk nor desire to sell any of it. They had come there to make their homes, they had made them after long hardships, and they intended to pass these homes down to their descendants.

I thought with sorrow of what will eventually happen, of how little permanency there is on farms now, how few of them are being held over two generations; but the Moquah people seemed well intrenched.

I visited the school, which was filled with lively, high-cheek-boned boys and girls with blond hair. They were just taking their exercises in the yard during their recreation period. I thought of the Sokol spirit, the gymnasium, which is never absent in any Czecho-Slovak community. It was there.

The Czecho-Slovak is proud of his healthy, supple body, prouder of his physique than he is of anything else.

There was a long silence when I asked a group of the boys what they intended to do when they became

of age. Some of them had not yet thought of it at all. It had not come into their young minds that they were ever going to be anywhere else than on their fathers' farms. Others who had thought, as I found out later, were ashamed to tell, fearing that it was disloyal to their parents to want to do anything else but farm the land they had cleared and made livable with such difficulty.

Like Danes and Norwegians, the Bohemians are very strong for coöperation. The little village of Moquah has a coöperative flour-mill, a coöperative store, and a coöperative creamery.

Outwardly these people live like any of their neighbors. There is very little to show that they belong to another world. But when one comes nearer to them one realizes how much these people are leading their own lives, how great is the struggle to keep the old traditions. A wedding ceremony is not considered complete without the bride and groom being dressed in national costumes. One wears what one has, at work or in the city, but on such an occasion as a wedding or a christening the national Czech costume for the bride and groom is the only fitting one. Almost every house still possesses such costumes, which are beautiful and picturesque, to say the least. There is not a Czecho-Slovak community but has its own fiddlers.

The young people will probably jazz to the sound of a phonograph; but the old ones will retire to another

In Czechoslovakia the wedding is a gala affair, the shivaree and all, and here it still is so with them. How much more of a lovely memory is this than the prosaic notary for so splendid an event!

part of the house, and there Janscek will dance to the tune of their own songs. The priest will relax from his dignified attitude and join the older people. Some one will get up and tell a story, for the Czechs are great story-tellers; then some one will sing a song. And at the height of their festivity it will be proposed that while every one is in high spirits a collection should be made for this, that, or the other society.

There are more than ten thousand local lodges of Czecho-Slovaks, fraternal benefits and religious organizations with more than a million members. This holds the people together and gives them training in political government. It is this which makes the Czecho-Slovak feel so secure wherever there are others of his own nation. They are not only his neighbors but his brothers of the same lodge, and this binds them even closer together.

In Ashland they told me that it was useless to speculate which way the Bohemian vote of Moquah might go, no matter what the question might be. All one had to do was to ask one of them which way he intended to vote. The others were sure to do likewise. A long training in their own country, where they have been oppressed by the Austrians and Russians, has taught them that their safety lies in inner organization. The Moquah families have so far cleared several thousand acres of timber-land and are still on the firing-line.

Every year new colonists are arriving, who are re-

ceived with great enthusiasm by all the others. It is indeed an occasion to celebrate when a new family arrives. The first work of clearing enough for a hut or a sod house is done by all the inhabitants together, and until the farmer has established himself he has offers from a hundred different people who are ready to lend him tools and horses for any kind of work. They advise him and counsel him.

Though others have tried and not succeeded, the Moquah people are now raising the finest strawberries in the country. When land is cleared the first question in any one's mind is whether the spot is fit for strawberries. The strawberries fetch a high price, for they come late, after berries elsewhere have gone.

The neighbors, however, see to it that the borrowing habit does not become chronic with the new-comer. He is helped to get on his feet, but once there he is expected to stay there with very little chance of further help should he begin to totter.

The C.S.B.S. (Czecho-Slovak Benevolent Society), which has celebrated its seventieth anniversary, as well as the National Slovak Society, have given these people a training as to what assistance at the right time means, and have also warned them against pauperism. One so easily falls into the vice of coddling a sympathetic sufferer.

In the Moquah colony, although it is the youngest Czecho-Slovak colony in the United States, there seems

to be a fair example of what the Czechs have done all over the country in the hundreds of years since they first began to come here. They have not assimilated very easily. They first got their feet deep into the ground, and they have since stayed rooted to it. The Czecho-Slovaks are not apt to Americanize in the same way as the other populations do, by marrying with some of the other foreigners living in the neighborhood. They are more likely to intermarry among themselves, thus assimilating and Americanizing from within instead of from without. When they do marry outside their own clan, however, they are more likely to marry some one of Anglo-Saxon blood than of any other. They have their own theory of superiority.

No Czech will fail to tell you that Bohemia has the smallest percentage of illiterates in Europe. And if you doubt that he will add to it that they have the smallest percentage of physically unfit people in Europe. On the strength of these two points he considers himself superior to any other foreign race in America. His belief in pure-bred stock applies also to the human race. The Czech, being a practical idealist, seldom lets his emotions overpower his reason. The Czecho-Slovaks never forget their own language, even after two or three generations. I have heard Czechs deliver public speeches in the most fluent Bohemian, only to discover that they were second- and third-generation Bohemians who were famous as Bohemian orators in the United States.

There are some fifteen dailies, seventy weeklies, and some forty monthly publications in the Czecho-Slovak language in the United States. Five of these publications are farm papers. The Czechs are the only foreign element that have farm papers in their own language in this country. And though all these publications are in the Czecho-Slovak language they have been of tremendous educational value to the adult population and have been of enormous assistance in giving these people a picture of America as it is. For even among those who are born in this country, and those who have been here for over forty years, who could neither read nor understand English, I have never found one who did not keep himself thoroughly conversant with everything that was going on through the paper in his own language.

CHAPTER IV

THE GERMAN RUSSIANS OF NORTH DAKOTA

ALMOST every one you talk to in North Dakota will tell you about the Russian farmers of Bismarck, of Dickinson and Jamestown. Some call the people Russians, while others call them Germans. In reality they are a mixture of both. There are about forty thousand German Russians in North Dakota. North Dakota has been settled for a hundred and twenty-five years, and the German Russians were among the earliest settlers. And yet after all these years they are hardly different from the newcomers who arrived only a few years ago from their homeland.

Around Jamestown and Dickinson one sees as many sod houses, sod barns, and sod stables as one sees of the more modern kind of homes; and one is the more surprised, upon inquiring, to find out that the inhabitants of these sod houses, with earthen floors lower than the level of the ground and thatched straw roofs, are frequently natives of this country. The houses are ill-smelling, moldy, and often one sees a pig walking between the table-legs, chickens hopping

from one chair to another, and the rooster crowing from the berth-like arrangement of beds, which are built in one above the other.

There are thousands of natives, descendants of these German Russian immigrants, living under such conditions in North Dakota. And it is not because of poverty either. Every banker in the neighborhood will tell you that they have more money than any other farmers in the neighborhood. And they have accumulated their money, not because they have been better farmers than others, but through thrift bordering on avarice. The houses are close to one another; a bit of color is injected into the drab atmosphere by a house painted a lively green or yellow, and the women still wear colored handkerchiefs on their heads.

Their every-day lives are very monotonous, but there are still certain occasions which call for a great deal of gaiety. Weddings and christenings are always celebrated with a great deal of noise and gaiety.

The homes are unspeakably dirty, and the barns and stables are likewise. The people have no pride in anything, except probably their ignorance; certainly not in their cattle, horses, or individual cleanliness. The wealth they have accumulated is actual cash. They have no desire to possess large tracts of land, as most of these people have only comparatively small farms, because they draw back from outlay of money, or from having to employ outside labor.

The numerous children around every household are

under-clad and sallow-looking because they have not been properly fed.

I visited 122 houses, and in not one of them did I find a phonograph. The inhabitants looked upon me as a messenger of the devil when I suggested that a bit of music in their homes might add to the joy and comfort of living.

"But they cost money," was the cry everywhere.

So wrapped up are they in the desire to acquire more and more money, they have no understanding for anything else. They could not understand that any stranger would come to them disinterestedly. They are always suspicious that some one might offer them something for sale, and so in answer to my greeting in their own language I was asked, "What are you wanting to sell us?"

They could not understand that I had any other interest. Even if one should want to sell them something worth while, it means an outlay of money; and they refuse even to consider such a thing.

It is true they are very honest in their dealings, but there is a sort of niggardliness about their honesty.

These people originally came here from Russia. A century and a half ago they immigrated from Germany into Russia, where they settled in the vicinity of Odessa. They were the Russian Government's own pet farmers and had more privileges than any one else there. Instead of developing the farms they settled on a temporary basis, each one desiring to return to his

Russia, wild, so little understood Russia, has also supplied its part to the crucible. So soon are the Russians amalgamated that even the second generation will rebel from the tyranny that their elders have now and seek to maintain

own country as soon as possible. They therefore set about to accumulate as much money as they could. All the encouragement of the Russian Government was in vain, for they only lowered their standard of living, which was the only Russianization they accepted. And after a century the descendants of the original German settlers in Russia were still as unassimilated as their forefathers. Although they had only looked upon their farming as a means of making money to return to their homeland, many, most of them in fact, never returned, because they knew they could not make as much money in their own country as they made in Russia. And so they remained a permanent temporary population, the greatest drawback of any country. Where a man does not intend to live permanently, he only impoverishes and demoralizes the country he lives in.

The German Russians to-day, after two generations in this country, are as alien as they were in Russia. Their descendants may remain so for many, many years to come.

There is very little education going on among them, and the children are only sent to school when their parents are compelled by law to do so. The attitude of the parents toward their children is a strange one. The children are considered merely as more produce, laborers, slaves, raised only for their parents' unwise greed.

They still speak a sort of corrupted German with

Russian intonation, and with a few English words thrown in for good measure. The favorite newspaper is still the "Staats Anzeiger," a German paper published in Bismarck.

During the war the other inhabitants looked upon them with great disfavor because of what was regarded as their pro-Germanism. It seems to me there was a lack of understanding of the real situation. These people were not pro-German, but they were anti-Russian. Although they voluntarily lived the lives of the alien Russian, they had conceived an intense hatred and contempt for the country in which they had accumulated their original capital.

The settlement of the communities offered very little difficulty at the beginning. There were no hardships for the German Russian farmers. They did not have to break land, there was no timber to cut, there were no stumps to clear. Most of them had first settled elsewhere and pulled up their stakes in search of better land after their first crop had proved unsatisfactory. As soon as they reached the flat table-lands of North Dakota, with rich black soil watered by numerous small creeks, they settled upon it at once, with the result that to-day the prairies are dotted with small, squat sod houses with the cross of the Russian and the German church towering above them. The women, bundled in old-fashioned shawls and dressed poorly, drive the teams through the fields and work outdoors. There is always the unpleasant task of re-

turning to their dirty homes to prepare the evening meal for their husbands and children, to look forward to the end of their day's work in the field. Needless to say, they are all careless and slovenly about their homes. Broken windows are left unmended and are stuffed with rags and old pillows. The beds are rarely aired and the linen changed infrequently. The fact that wheat was high, that the income from their harvests would be threefold what it was in other years, made no difference in the lives of these people. More money would be put in the bank, but not more gaiety in the home, no little luxury to sweeten the pill of life.

One night two young men urged me to go hunting with them. They knew where they could get ducks, they said, and perhaps some deer, too. The three of us started out before dawn with only a single gun between us, which they let me carry. Several hours later we returned home with a heavy bag of ducks. But it was not long before I learned it was not the hunting-season. The boys knew this when we started out. I, of course, did not. That was why they had let me carry the gun and why they had let me fire it. Had the game-warden caught us I would have been the one to pay the fine. I left that village rather hurriedly. It suddenly occurred to me that people who would do that might also denounce me to the game-warden and try to collect the Judas price. I had a

good deal of scratching to do and had to be thoroughly fumigated after landing at a more or less decent hotel that night. My hunting-companions had lain too close to me while we were waiting for the ducks.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Russian Government made a serious attempt to colonize California. Russian peasants were sent over here, and even military forts were planted along the Pacific Coast. After this effort was abandoned the Russian Government discouraged all immigration to the United States and directed its surplus population to Siberia, which it was anxious to settle. About 1860, however, these restrictions on immigration were lifted and Russian immigrants began to pour into the United States. Some ten thousand Russians settled in the Dakotas on government homesteads. A good many of them were religious dissenters. Among the German Russians in North Dakota there are more than twenty different sects, and one single community of about a hundred and sixty people near Kiev in North Dakota has eight different religious sects.

In southern California, beginning with the immediate outskirts of Los Angeles and stretching toward San Diego, are about four thousand Molakans, milk dieters, who settled in California in 1900. In 1920 the number of Russian Slavs, among whom these hundred and fifty thousand German Russians are counted, was

close to seven hundred and fifty thousand, and the total number of persons in America born in Russia was close to three million.

In spite of the restrictions on immigration, in 1920 the quota of Russian Slavs was twenty thousand, a quota which was filled long before the year was over.

Over three hundred thousand Russian immigrants are engaged in farming. These farmers brought with them many agricultural products from their own country which they have acclimatized here. Russian rye and sunflower are now widely cultivated by American farmers all over the West and Middle West.

The real Slav farmer, however, will have nothing to do with his German Russian brother. I must say that the Russian farmers in the United States are by no means the same as the German Russians. They have a much higher standard of living and are really anxious that their children should benefit by the advantages of the educational institutions of the United States. There are sons of these Russian farmers in almost every agricultural college in the West and Middle West; but search as I would, I found none from the German Russians.

Professor Shepherd of the North Dakota Agricultural College told me of the serious attempts he and a number of other professors had made to get some pupils from the German Russian colony into their colleges. But all their efforts were in vain. Finally, for a while, a crippled boy from one of the communi-

ties came to the college. Because of his condition the university devoted individual attention to him. He seemed anxious to learn, but his ignorance was so deeply ingrained it was very difficult for him to grasp or retain anything.

When he saw the anxiety of the professors he must have thought that his attendance was in some way adding to the prestige of the institution, for he soon began to ask to be paid for coming to the school. Still anxious to keep him, the professors agreed to give the boy work to do for which he was paid. After a short while, however, he departed without so much as thanking them, and he was never heard from again.

Near Jamestown, on the branch line from Fargo to Butte, Montana, when I arrived at a little Russian village, I saw a number of heavy carts, with their horses unhitched and grazing near-by at the side of the road. There were children sitting on the drivers' seats. The youngsters were all dressed in overalls, some of which were fully ten sizes too large for them. These costumes are, by the way, the favorite ones of the Russian, and he generally wears over them a heavy coat lined with lambskin and caught at the waist with a large untanned belt. Because of a sudden depression in the land I could not immediately see the large, low shed with thatched roof which stood beyond the carts. I wondered why there should be so many carts in one place. They recalled to me a Russian *yarmarok*

or market-place. But there were no dealers, no buyers around. I walked forward, and when I had approached close I heard a great deal of loud talking. It sounded as if about fifty men and women were talking at once. I finally came to the side of the low-roofed shed, and it was from there that the noise came. I stood at a distance and watched the men and women quarreling. Women raised their hands in the air and shrieked and shook their fists at one another. The men spat upon one another's feet and cursed loudly in their own language. Even the dogs seemed to snap at the legs of the people.

Suddenly, after this had gone on for ten or fifteen minutes, a middle-aged, bearded man, whose long hair stood out like the bristles of the cap he was wearing, elbowed his way through the crowd, and, coming up to a tall young man dressed in a pair of overalls and wearing no coat, he spat in his face and began to hit him on the chest with his two huge fists. The boy received this brutality without the slightest attempt either to defend himself or to run away. I could hear the sickening thuds of the impact of his fists against the flesh and bone, and I expected every minute to see the young giant reach forward and strangle his tormentor. But he did not. And there was no attempt on the part of any one of the crowd to separate the two.

Suddenly a young girl gave a piercing scream. I had not noticed her before. She was swallowed in her

ample clothes. She made a movement as if to run in the direction of the two men, who stood a little apart from the others, but she was held back by some one.

The young man's knees were sagging while the older man was still hitting him with his fists and cursing louder and louder. As his fury grew, a thin stream of saliva trickled from his mouth. At last his arms grew weary, and they dropped to his sides as he departed haughtily, went to his cart, harnessed his horses, kicked a young boy who had been watching from the driver's seat, called aloud to his wife to clamber up on the seat beside him, and drove off.

It was only then that the rest of the population began to pay attention to the boy, who was faint. I could not, for the life of me, make out what all this was about.

A little later, however, after every one had departed leaving the young boy and girl alone, I questioned them. Some bargaining had been going on between the father of the girl and the father of the boy, about the wedding of the two. The father of the boy had not liked some proposal the father of the girl had made and refused to allow the boy to marry the girl, whereupon the boy had stood up and emphatically declared that he was going to marry the girl in the face of all opposition. Such audacity had never been heard of before in the Russian community; and every one thought the punishment meted out to the boy was well

deserved. Even the father of the girl thought so. Indeed, now the girl thought, he too was going to oppose the marriage.

Later on an old man told me: "Oh, these children that Americanize! They dare to oppose their parents. The good old days are gone."

It is interesting to know that both the young girl and the boy were born in this country, and yet the only language they were able to speak was a mixture of German-Russian English and a few Danish and Norwegian words strewn in here and there. I told the boy that he could take the girl and go off with her and get married somewhere else, since he was of age. But his stupidity and cupidity were stronger than his love for the girl.

"If I do," he said, "I never get anything from father when he dies."

As he was one of fourteen children, the best he would ever get, should the father, who now looked as if he would live many, many more years, die, would be a few thousand dollars.

That night I told the whole story to a Russian priest living not far from the monastery, near Gladstone. He seemed very much interested and inquired after details. I explained them to him while he drank his sugarless tea, of which I had not been invited to partake although he constantly smoked my cigarettes. He was a typical Russian. His squinty little eyes looked suspiciously from a fat and flabby face. Long

Even the Russian priests on this side, though their emigrant parishioners do live in so much more enlightened an environment than they have ever known overseas, find little reason to have their complacency shaken except by the third generation

hair hung loosely down over his ears. He smacked his sensual lips as he gulped the hot tea and listened to me. When I had finished my story he said:

"Ivan Rorich will go home and maybe his father will give him another beating. And maybe in a week or two his father and the girl's father will come to an understanding. They will be married. When Ivan will have his own children every time his boy will want to do otherwise than he wants him to do he will remember how his father beat him and he will beat his boy. It is good to beat one's sons."

"Maybe his son will not allow him to beat him," I ventured.

Then the priest became pensive and quiet for a long time, closing his eyes and thinking. After a little while he murmured:

"Yes, that is the trouble! They get so spoiled in the schools."

In the course of further discussion I pointed out to him how backward they all were, how uncivilized their lives, how miserable and dirty their homes were, but the priest was not to be convinced.

"But we are rich," he said. "We have more money than any other farmers."

"But what are you doing with the money? Are you getting any joy out of it?"

He too suddenly became excited. "What have you to sell?" he questioned. "Do you want to sell phonographs?"

Then I learned that such an unheard-of thing had happened about a year ago when a salesman had succeeded in selling such a contraption to one of the Russians while he was drunk. It had remained the talk of the neighborhood to this day.

A stricter enforcement of educational laws would help save the children from an unbearable, un-American, uncivilized yoke, without diminishing their ability as farmers. The newly arrived immigrant is a doubtful asset; but his children should be made into such before they become heavy liabilities, in asylums, hospitals, and jails.

As I was about to depart, finally despairing that the German Russians would ever become Americanized, my eye caught the sign over a barn door, "Athaletik Club." A number of boys with improvised baseball suits were stealing in. Here, at last, was the irrepressible spirit of youth working out the salvation of its race.

CHAPTER V

A BIT OF FRANCE IN NORTH DAKOTA

NORTH DAKOTA, every one will tell you, is densely Norwegian. Indeed, Fargo seems to be as much Norwegian as any town in Norway. The climate, especially in the wintertime, is an exact reproduction of the Norwegian climate. In the attempt of the Norwegians to reproduce as much of their own country as possible, Logan City could not be duplicated elsewhere. It is Norway at its utmost.

North Dakota has been dry since 1889. How prohibition would eventually work when sufficiently enforced and when the new generation has completely become accustomed to it could be seen in North Dakota. During all my stay in Fargo, where there is an industrial population also, a stay which included a Sunday, I did not see a single person drunk or even slightly inebriated. I was told that many of the farmers living in North Dakota are not as abstemious as the law would like them to be. They have succeeded in making their own brand so thoroughly good there is practically none of the danger in drinking it that is

the case in many another State. But there is absolutely no way in which to buy it.

North Dakota's territory is forty-four million acres, with only six hundred thousand people; a smaller density per acre than most other States with the exception of the waste-land States.

But North Dakota is not as Norwegian as it looks, although the Norwegian group is the largest foreign group there. At Snow, Billings County, and at Fryburg there are settlements of Ukrainians and Galicians, with a beautiful Greek Orthodox church presided over by a long-bearded, kaftaned Greek priest. Southwest of Dickinson in Stark County there is a group of northern Hungarians, and south of Dickinson are the largest settlements of German Russians. In Pembina County there is an Icelandic settlement now celebrated because Stefansson, the explorer, is from that part of the country. Icelandic weddings attract people from hundreds of miles around. One lasts three days, and most of the people still wear the outlandish costumes of their home country with bells and colored handkerchiefs on their heads. The men sing and dance heavily while the women look on from a distance.

On the road that leads to New England there are many little sod houses. That part of the country is inhabited so thickly by Russians, one expects the Cossacks to come riding upon you from every corner. South of Gackle, eleven miles from Streeter, is a large

settlement of Finlanders. In Lidgerwood and in Walsh County there are Bohemians; and there are Swedish settlers almost everywhere.

From all this it will be seen that North Dakota is essentially the home of the Norsemen and Northlanders. There are no people from the south anywhere at all; those who have attempted to settle have long since departed, for the soil refuses to yield to any one but a Northlander. This is the theory of most people in North Dakota. When a man comes to a bank to borrow money one of the first things the banker wants to know is what stock the man is of. They have no confidence in any other but Northlanders; and although the Icelanders are only a small group, because of their superior education and intelligence they are practically the intellectual leaders of North Dakota. One finds them in every walk of life, as city and state officials, as managers of banks and as bankers. Indeed, it is the boast of most Norsemen of North Dakota that they have succeeded in making a living on North Dakota lands where the Anglo-Saxons have not been able to do so. Even the Russians, although they are in no way considered as equals by the Norwegians or the Icelanders because of their lower standard of living and intellect, are occasionally pointed at with pride by the Norsemen; for they, too, have succeeded where others have failed.

It is hardly possible, therefore, to realize with what astonishment I received the information from Profes-

sor Shepherd of the North Dakota Agricultural College and from Mr. Horace Young, a lawyer of Fargo, that there was a colony of Frenchmen near Wild Rice, fourteen miles from Fargo. I could not rest until I had seen this bit of France in the northern atmosphere. Accordingly I set out one morning toward it.

For miles and miles on either side of me stretched the low, treeless, black lands of Dakota. It was a pleasure to take some of the dirt in one's hands and crumple it. The odor of it rose to the nostrils, and the fat of it clung to the fingers. It was mostly all turned over in preparation for the sowing of winter wheat. Here and there were small patches of sickly-looking corn still standing up. The past year had not been a good one for corn in that part of North Dakota. The few farm-houses we could see from the road were far apart and far from the road, the Norseman being so self-contained and so much in love with his baronial isolation that he almost never builds close to the road, as other people do. More frequently than not the root-houses, groaning and bulging with potatoes and rutabagas, were close to the road to make the loading and unloading easier. The distance between the barn, cow-shed, and farm-house was also greater than with other nationalities. To the Norwegians agriculture is an industry which they like. Like the Danes, they make of dairying an industry and not a side-line of the farm. High silos and pit silos could be seen everywhere. Not a tree was in sight, and because of

that one feels desolated in the midst of all this fertility.

We passed by an old township of Wild Rice, which had once been settled by people of Scotch origin but which is now practically deserted. One sees such deserted villages all over the Middle-Western States. It seems to be the fate of the small village. The town is now the objective of all. On what was once Main Street, the doors of the stores hang loosely on bent hinges which have torn themselves out of the joists. Porches have sagged. Roofs have crumpled, and only a few old men, bent over their knotted sticks, walk down the streets. The road leading into this deserted town was unsuitable for any vehicle, even for a buggy, it was so neglected. Mud was knee-high in some places.

Suddenly to the right of all this, resplendent in the bright rays of the autumn sun, was a group of painted houses with the spire of a church and its gilded cross towering over them. The whole place looked from a distance like a bunch of giant daisies with a golden buttercup in the center. It seemed so near I wanted to stretch my hands toward it, but there were many miles of bent road encircling it before I finally arrived in the midst of the settlement. It was the new town of Wild Rice, the French town.

It was as unmistakably French as any town in France itself could be, with the houses all in a row built close to one another on both sides of the street;

for the whole village was just one street. The church, with the little nunnery in the center of it, was at one end of the street. There was a flower-garden, with a neat fence encircling it, in front of every house, and a vegetable-patch back of each house. These *potagers* were worked by the women with an eye to beauty as well as usefulness. Hollyhocks and rose-bushes were planted between the cabbage-patches; and small ferns, still green, were seen between the tomato-patches. One could see the hand of the woman in every one of these garden-patches, it looked so much like a gay piece of embroidery from Normandy.

The farms were miles away from the houses; and the men left with their carts, upon which they loaded their working-tools, every morning, carrying their midday lunch along, each going to the outlying field he owned and on which he worked daily. In the evening he returned home, much as the working-man returns from the factory, but meanwhile his wife and children had had companionship and a school close at hand. They did not feel lonely as other farmers did who lived in isolated places where the school-house was miles distant. The priest was also near at hand, and the long evenings were shortened by neighborly communications, with some one to cry over a death and some one to give a helping hand at a birth or illness.

And yet Wild Rice was as French as it possibly could be. The heavy stolidity of the men and the light vivacity and gaiety of the women as they came out on

the porches to greet me was in marked contrast to the behavior of any other population, where the stranger is looked upon with suspicion.

That they are prosperous is very apparent. They are happy and contented. It was the first time in many weeks I had heard people singing while they worked. A very old lady, bent over her cabbages, was singing an old Norman song hundreds of years old. From the open windows of the house floated the song of "Au Clair de la Lune," the words badly pronounced but the tune exact. What a symbol of assimilation this tune was!

In the outlying fields the men were digging potatoes, and as it was Saturday and the children were not in school, they were all helping the men—their feet incased in wooden shoes, the sabots of Norman origin, to protect them from the wet of the land—filling the numerous sacks as they followed one another in parallel rows. A little further four big Percherons were pulling at a deeply set plow. The father was in charge, his children following him, one of his daughters with a harrow and another one with a disk. A very old man was swinging his right arm rhythmically, sowing as he went along. Each young girl had a bit of colored ribbon somewhere about herself which relieved the severe plainness of her dress.

Had I not been able to speak the language fluently I might as well have returned to Fargo, for the older people were not able to understand any English at all;

In a setting weirdly reminiscent of Normandy have the Norman peasants settled, and their simple, whole-hearted hospitality is as big as the country to which they have come, and as their great Percheron horses

but so willing were they to communicate with me that they were ready to call their children to their assistance. When they found that I could speak their language, the first man I spoke to unhitched his horses, stopping work for the day or for as long a time as I was willing to be his guest. I argued him out of doing so, for I pointed out to him that there were many people I wanted to talk to. He was one of the original settlers of Wild Rice and one of the last of the original group to survive. His mother and father had brought him out in a small one-horse wagon when he was but an infant.

Some fifty years ago Father Flèche, a French priest from Manitoba, got his flock of French trappers who had come to Manitoba from Normandy and worked for him on shares, to descend into other lands. It seems that Father Flèche encountered some trouble with the Indians, who claimed exclusive hunting-rights; and after a few of his flock had failed to return he made up his mind that the worst peace was better than the best war, and convinced the rest of his people that there were other places where they could go and do just as well in the trapping industry. Secretly the group were organized, with wagons each containing several families going in different directions; and they started at night, all agreeing to meet in a designated spot. From this spot the caravan moved

on slowly, traveling mostly at night, until they reached the Red River. There, in little canoes, they paddled down the narrow, deep waters until they arrived at a place which looked so very much like the dreamed-of plains of Normandy, where they had all wished themselves during the years of trapping in the wilds of Canada, that many of them would not go further.

Why go elsewhere, they argued. But Father Flèche had his mind made up to conduct them to a much safer distance. A small group had already been left at Pembina, midway between Winnebago and Grand Forks. They held a meeting to settle the argument, and even while the discussion was going on, on the shores of the Wild Rice Creek, so called because wild rice is growing in abundance, good food for wild ducks and Indians and an excellent food for anybody, the Sioux Indians attacked them.

They repulsed the Indians and made some sort of a truce with them, and the group remained there while the others paddled on further. The Sioux never again attacked them, and they remained there and kept their covenant. But it appears that the truce of the Indians was not regarded as binding with the group that had gone beyond, for nothing was ever heard of them again; it was as if the earth had swallowed them. Still, the Wild Rice settlement, not knowing how reliable their truce with the Indians was, settled in a compact group. Their compactness was

an inheritance from old times. People feel themselves more secure herded together when in an inimical country; and since they were going to stay there—this they decided at once—they set about to make the place look as much as possible like one of their homeland villages. There were no other settlements about them. In some regions, at a great distance, a few Swedish farms were just being started.

In the years that followed, the youngsters intermarried with the group that had originally remained in Pembina and Grand Forks. Other groups and single families that came from Canada and some that came directly from Normandy joined them, and the Wild Rice colony grew into what it is to-day, one of the most picturesque old-world spots in North Dakota.

All of the people still speak French, and though most of the younger children speak English well they have a decided French accent. And there too, as in the Czecho-Slovak colony, I found the youngsters determined to remain on the farm. Although Fargo with its glitter, moving pictures, and theaters is only a few miles away, many of the children, even girls and boys of fifteen and sixteen, have never been there, and they showed no great desire to go. One of the Frenchmen, the storekeeper, whose business brings him very frequently to Fargo, pointed to the deserted former town of Wild Rice.

"You see what happens when the children go to town," he told me.

There are still a few looms in the village, old-fashioned Norman-built looms, and on the walls and hanging from the curtains at the windows there are bits of homespun which make every house look as clearly French as if it were situated in France. The people still hold *veilles,* night wakes during which feathers are plucked and down taken from goose-feathers for pillows for the bride about to be married. The old-world life has not been disturbed in the least. No new ideas have come in. The women are still in the same position as in the past. Indeed, they laughed broadly when I asked them whether they voted.

"Who ever heard of women voting?" an old woman remarked. "That is a man's business."

It did my eye good to see the snow-white linen hanging on the line so closely patched that there probably was very little left of the original material. It seemed such an odd bit of old-world tradition to see neat knee patches on the old trousers of the men and on the elbows and pockets; the good old art of patching had not been completely lost among these Frenchmen.

It would be very difficult to induce any of the people to use a tractor instead of spanking Percherons on his field. Some preferred to use the wooden plow—a more modern wooden plow than the old one, for it has an iron share—but they plow as deep as they used to plow in Normandy, much deeper than is absolutely necessary.

The Epicurean and the Frenchman, however, came

to the fore when I asked how they liked to live in this part of the world. Everything was all right. They were happy. They loved America and Americans, especially because they were not interfered with and were allowed to live as they wanted to; but there was one flaw.

They were afraid of the K. K. K. and they could not get the kind of cheese they were all so fond of, Gruyère and the good old *fromage de Brie*. They smacked their lips and rolled their eyes. These were the only faults they could find in America.

Some months later I saw a number of French villages in Louisiana near New Iberia. The Louisiana villages of farmers, cotton planters, rice-growers, and sugar-cane raisers have been there since the French Government, under Iberville and Bienville, settled the South in 1700. It became American territory in 1803. But what was French remains French. Even the colored people, sons and daughters of former slaves, speak French much better than English. And how gay and happy they are! What song and merriment! The French and the negroes are the last laughers left in the world.

Louisiana awaits a crop of new immigrants to clear its 3,530,000 acres of cut-over pine-land and put it under cultivation. Only a southern people could do it successfully. Sugar-cane, tobacco, cotton, rice, are subtropical products and should be grown by a sub-

tropical people. The bayous converging to and from the Mississippi and the Red River, the swamp-lands about the Delta, could almost be made to supply the entire country's need of rice and sugar, of oranges, figs, and dates.

CHAPTER VI

ITALIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

THE Italian immigration to this country is of quite recent date. The Genoese Cristoforo Colombo, who is credited with having discovered America, did so with the ships and the money of the Spanish royal household. Italy was not then a colonizing country. As a matter of fact what is now known as Italy did not then exist. And even after Amerigo Vespucci rediscovered the country the Italians were not stirred into following the shimmering shadows his sails had traced on the seas.

Yet individual Italians have contributed a good deal to the early exploration of this country. Alfonso and Enrico Tonti, the two brothers who accompanied La Salle throughout his travels, were Italians. The founder of Buffalo was an Italian, Paolo Busti. He came there as the agent of the Holland Land Company in 1789, and it was he who laid out the plans of the city. Busti Terrace, in Buffalo, is named in honor of him.

But only very few Italians came here until the latter part of the last century. In 1840, only about twenty Italians had entered the United States. But with

1870 a sudden change made itself noticeable in the complexion of the population of the United States. Dissatisfaction with governmental conditions at home, revolutions, persecutions, caused the first large immigration from Italy. Contrary to the general impression, the first immigration was not of laborers but of intellectuals who had to flee their home country. It is they who preceded the streams of immigrants of a different cultural stratum who subsequently came from South and North Italy.

Immediately upon arrival a large group launched itself toward the Pacific. There, in combination with the blond Russian settlers from the Baltic regions of Europe, they pushed the western border limits back and soon became an important frontier settlement, actively developing the sterile and desert country.

In the early eighties other streams, coming from the south of Italy and looking for a climate somewhat resembling the country they came from, settled in Louisiana between New Orleans and New Iberia. The fish and oyster business of the Gulf Coast was until not long ago entirely in the hands of Italian fishermen. It is they who gave to the South the backbone of the fruit-growing industry. It is they who developed tobacco-growing, and the cotton and sugar-cane industry was very actively stirred by Italian activities. Many of them were absorbed by the French population of Louisiana.

It is characteristic of the Italians that they can, per-

haps, acclimatize themselves more easily than any other people. You will find very few Spaniards in the Northwest, and very few Norwegians or Danes in the South. But you will find Italians in almost every State of the Union, North, West, East, South, adapting themselves rapidly to all climatic conditions, assimilating and absorbing, pliant to all changes. And in spite of what one thinks on seeing them live their Ghetto lives in Little Italies in Chicago, New York, and San Francisco, they are as a matter of fact less clannish than any other nation.

There is hardly a single nationality in this country with which the Italians of the second generation have not intermarried. According to the census of 1920 there were a million six hundred thousand Italian immigrants in this country. A similar number were natives born of Italian-born parents. About a half a million were of Italian parents born in this country. But I venture to say that there are living in this country more than three times that number of people, probably seven or eight millions, who have Italian blood in their veins.

About 85 per cent of the Italians arriving in this country have given agriculture as their profession; only 15 per cent belonged to other industries and trades. But instead of going to farms on arriving here they have been drafted into other sorts of labor. The mines claimed tens of thousands of them; road- and railroad-building claimed another considerable

number; and factories, where heavy labor is necessary, pulled them hither and thither from one end of the country to the other. In recent statistics it was found that the figures had been reversed. Only 15 per cent of the total Italian population was engaged in farming, and 85 per cent was engaged in a hundred other professions.

Coming as he did from the small villages and hamlets of Italy, the Italian peasant could not make the best of himself when living in large cities. He became corrupted, easily contaminated, and a good many who would have been peaceful and productive farmers after a few years of life in the large cities got themselves inveigled into troubles for which they have paid with their lives or with a living death in the prisons of the country.

But of these 15 per cent who have either from the very beginning gone to farms or have after accumulating a little money in mines and factories gone back to the work of their old love, of these 15 per cent and their children the country has had its best. Many of them have taken over abandoned farms in New England which had lain fallow and unproductive, a burden to their owners instead of a benefit, and made out of them the most productive farms of the region. Abandoned hills and desolate regions have become fruitful gardens. Connecticut, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other farming States have been revivified where the Italians have settled

upon them. On little plots of ground they have produced by intensive cultivation, in which they are masters because of the limited area of their own country, three or four times as much as could have been produced by others. In the East they are the largest factor in the truck-gardening and vegetable-raising industry. The settlements in Vineland and Hammonton, New Jersey; the colony of Bryan, Texas; of Daphne in Alabama; of Valdese and Santa Helena in North Carolina; of Sunnyside and Tontitown in Arkansas (named after the brothers Tonti who accompanied La Salle on all his travels); of Genoa and Cumberland in Wisconsin; of Asti, Santa Barbara, San José, in California, all show what Italian farmers can do, especially in the gardening and vegetable-raising industry. They have introduced rye-grass into the United States. The cultivation of peppers and of the Italian prune, of artichokes and egg-plants, is of Italian importation into this country. The Italians have added more toward the edibles of America's table than any other people.

Twenty miles from San Francisco stretch the gardens of Half Moon Bay, and as one travels along the slope which seems to descend into the Pacific shore one sees it covered for miles and miles with giant cabbages until one gets the feeling that the whole world is nothing but one immense cabbage-patch. A little farther east, going inland toward Santa Rosa, one sees fields just as immense, in which grow nothing but arti-

chokes. The dark, bluish green of the ripe field shimmers with the gold of the sunset over the Golden Gate.

The little houses of the inhabitants all in a row seem swallowed up in the luxurious flowering and leafing of that part of California; they stand close to one another, with the Italian grape-vines lacing and intertwining over the roofs, the full, blue grapes hanging like little satiated sucklings from the breast of the mother.

In front of every house is the home garden. Between the beds of the different vegetables are flowers of all kinds, arranged in the most harmonious assortment of colors, for the Italian is a firm believer in the dictum of *utile e dolce,* useful and pleasing at the same time.

The different groups of houses one sees are all inhabited by Italians coming from all parts of Italy, the Genoese predominating. Some of the people have been here since the gold-rush of California. Failing to find gold they discovered other wealth that lay nearer to the surface of the ground, and while it did not yield results as quickly, they were found to be of more lasting value. And it is the Italian who sold cabbages to the gold-mining Italian who has survived, and his wealth is to-day tenfold that of the gold-mining gentleman.

The Italians have their own peculiar ways of working, which they brought here with them from the old country. Most of these tracts of land are not owned

singly by individuals who work them, but by a typical Italian organization, the *compagnia.* This is not a coöperative in the sense of the word understood in this country or elsewhere. Eight or ten people, frequently from the same region of Italy, get together and either buy or lease a tract of land. Then they elect for themselves a *padrone,* a boss, who is in a sense as autocratic as any master can be. During the year all the expenses of the maintenance of the farm as well as those of the individuals are pooled together. At the end of the year the profits are distributed equally to all of them, except the *padrone,* who is entitled to a larger share than the rest, though he visibly does less work than any of them.

I visited the home of one of these *padroni* with my friend Otterino Ronchi, the editor of an Italian paper in San Francisco. The men and the women were all working in the field, with the exception of the *padrone* and his family. He was busy preparing grape-juice for the people of his *compagnia.* The big, tall, florid-faced Genoese, whose home was guarded by a number of dogs, received us at the door of his vinery. And although it was only a little after the lunch-hour we had to partake of the bread that his wife had baked in the oven in the yard, and the cheese that he had just received, and the juice that he had just pressed.

In the largest room down below all the men and the women of the *compagnia* had their meals when they worked in the fields. A large, narrow pine table with

Semi-tropical people are the Italians, and in semi-tropical parts of the United States they prefer to live, loving white-stuccoed houses with red-tiled roofs, palm-trees and vineyards, especially vineyards; without them they are unhappy

benches on both sides, capable of seating fifty or sixty people, was at one end of the room, the dough-trough at the other, an immense cooking-stove in the center; the *padrone's* wife herself officiated at the oven. There were still remains of colored bits of paper that stuck to the rafters of the ceiling, which had been there from the last *festa*. A few mandolins and violins were stuck away in corners. The picture of Caruso, the great tenor, was near that of the Italian king and queen and was even more prominent than that of royalty. This Genoese *padrone* and his men had been there for thirty years. He could not speak a dozen English words. His male children, though, were as different from him as one could imagine. Except for the form and color of their eyes one could not have distinguished them from any of the other inhabitants, had they been placed anywhere in the Union. For the second generation of Italians living in the country assimilates much more rapidly than the second generation of any other nationality, the Germans and Norwegians not excepted. It is only in the cities that even the third generation of Italians remain outside the life of the community in which they live.

Not so the women. In Santa Rosa and Santa Barbara, and the Joaquin valley, and in Louisiana and Wisconsin, in New York or Connecticut, it is the Italian woman who perpetuates the slavery of the southeastern European women, their subjection and ignorance. Second-generation brothers and sisters are as unlike as

if they belonged to different centuries, not merely to different nations.

In Santa Rosa and the Asti communities I found the same condition repeated. There, too, the arrangement of work was that of the *compagnia.*

The Asti community and its neighborhood have been renowned for many years for the splendid quality of their wine. The huge vineries of Asti are now partly paralyzed. I visited the most important of them. Hundred-thousand-gallon casks made of oak imported from Italy were filled with water to keep them in shape. And the huge half-million-gallon cask lined with thick glass, at the bottom of which an ox-cart could turn around, was entirely empty. Prohibition, however, has not hurt the Italian vine-growers as it was originally thought it would. For, miracle of miracles, grapes which had before prohibition brought ten to twelve dollars a ton now bring a hundred. What becomes of these grapes is not so mysterious as some pretend it is.

How rashly many of these vine-growers acted, tearing out their roots immediately upon the adoption of prohibition! How many of them, who had invested their whole lives in the development of the vine-gardens, committed suicide! One can never anticipate what a blowing wind may do.

The conception of a church in the architectural form of a wine-barrel will show in what spirit of devotion the Italians have raised their gardens. They are now

putting a good deal of their faith into the raising of eggs, as the idea of a chicken-coop in the architectural form of a church will show. The whole section of Petaluma, known now as the world's egg-basket, is almost all Italian. For the Leghorn chicken, the greatest of all egg-producers in the world, is also of Italian origin.

At Tontitown, Arkansas, Father Bandini, who died only recently, had brought out a group of Italian agriculturists who had at first become submerged in the industrial world. Father Bandini realized that they were going to their destruction living the city life that they were not naturally fitted to live. To-day Tontitown with a population of only four hundred is given as an example in Arkansas. On neglected land the people have established themselves and reproduced an Italian village almost to perfection, and they have there begun again to live, regenerating themselves, and at the same time becoming a credit and a profit to the country they live in.

Though they everywhere form little groups, the second generation spreads out and merges with all the other populations, bringing into the lives of the others whatever of color and of song and of smiles and of laughter there is in them.

The Italians of the Sacramento valley are exceptional in having established relations with the recently organized Hindu colonies of rice-growers. In the San Joaquin valley the Italians have also made friendly

overtures to the Armenian colonies. Everywhere else I found them the intermediaries of the American spirit to the other immigrants.

In Alta Loma, Texas, where there is a small colony of about a hundred and fifty Italians, I wondered at the number of Danish words with which the Italian language as spoken there had been sprinkled, only to find that the Alta Loma Italians thought the words were American words; they had heard them from Danish settlers. In Southern California Spanish words and in Louisiana French words, in Minnesota German and Norwegian words have crept into the Italian language and mixed with it.

Near Ventura, in Southern California, on the way between Los Angeles and San Diego, I joined a harvest festival of Italians. The road was profusely decorated with a wealth of Italian and American flags waving in the air. A number of naïvely decorated floats, upon which rode beautiful children dressed as cherubs, flocking about the *papier-mâché* saints, trembled and shook as the heavy cart-wheels rolled over the uneven road. Bands of music preceded other floats, upon which the Italians exhibited all that had that year grown in plenty in their region. Huge bunches of grapes, immense cabbages, giant artichokes, trimmed artistically with blood-red carrots, white turnips, and golden plum tomatoes, looked more like bouquets of flowers than edibles. Float followed float in almost endless procession. Huge baskets of eggs and even

goats, white and long-haired, with their udders hanging heavily to the ground, were exhibited and promenaded in joy and thankfulness. And all were happy, boisterously happy, insolently happy. It was not so much a spirit of humble thankfulness to the Lord as it was a boast of achievement. I, for one, could understand the spirit; "Seek and you will find." Well, they had found.

The whole day they paraded, stopping in front of fixed places where were enshrined images of the saints, before which were burning huge wax candles. There was a real old-world festival which carried with it all the paganistic neo-Christian spirit of Southern Italy; it was a long time indeed since I had seen such spontaneous gaiety, such utter abandon, such freedom from the cares of the world and the worries of every-day life.

I stuck to the procession until late in the evening, and then I went to the house of Signor Amati, an old Italian gentleman who had originally come to California with the gold-rush. Many people joined us that evening for the feast. Tray after tray of steaming meat was brought in by beautiful black-eyed, red-lipped girls. The table literally groaned with food, which was dispensed with the greatest bounty to whoever wanted to partake. And there was much laughter and merriment.

I had already seen harvest-festival celebrations of one sort or another among other people in this country.

"Insolent with joy" the Italians parade the country roads over here during their harvest festivals to show the abundance of their produce and to give thanks for the good things this new home has brought them

Usually at the table discussions of acreages and products developed. But when the joy and the feeling of well-being was at its height among my Italian friends they put on a record of Caruso. I sighed in memory of the great tenor, whom I personally knew and admired.

"Why so sad suddenly?" my host asked me.

And then I told him that I had known the great Caruso. Instantly all conversation and merriment stopped. I became the center of attraction for all of them. They looked at me awe-stricken. Nothing that I could have accomplished would have given so high a standing in their eyes as the fact that I had known Caruso. And so the rest of the evening of the harvest-festival was spent in no discussion of the harvest and products but in stories of Caruso.

It was a great joy to me to see how much these Italians knew of their own great men; many of them were illiterates, and yet they knew all about the greatness of Leonardo da Vinci, of Raphael, and Botticelli. Each one of them could sing bits and snatches from operas; and my host, who could not read Italian, had insisted that his son should learn it, so as to read for him, not the news from the daily papers, but stories from Gabriele d'Annunzio, Carducci, and others.

"But why do you need all that?" I asked my host.

"Ah, signor," he answered, "it is what has fortified me to stay in this country."

How few people know that many Italians have not

returned to their homes, have not abandoned their arduous task at the beginning of their stay here, because of phonograph-records! How much of the failure of other immigrant farmers is due to the fact that they have allowed themselves to be completely turned away from their old spiritual life before they had acquired a capacity to understand the new! The best of national life in our immigrants should be encouraged and not frowned upon.

It is characteristic of the Italian farmers that they have seldom, if ever, gone into a part of the country where they had to break ground for themselves.

The tendency of all newly arrived immigrants is to go where land is cheap. The Poles and Finns and the Danes and Norwegians have gone to cut-over land. The Hollanders have sought their land near marshes, which they have drained and made fertile. The Italians either go to waste-lands or to farms that have been abandoned because unprofitable. They take a peculiar pride in succeeding where others have failed. This is as much an incentive for their success as the cheapness of the land is an inducement.

Right on the road between Fresno and Bakersfield, in Southern California, where it seems no one could wrest a living out of the desert-like land, many groups of Italian colonists have succeeded where others have failed.

Up to the time the law restricting immigration came

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into force, about two hundred thousand Italians came in yearly into the United States. The quota is now only about forty thousand. The professions they give at entrance are still largely agricultural. It is quite possible, though, that the majority will during the first years be swallowed up in the large cities. But they will no longer stay so many years as their predecessors have done before going back to the land. More and more one finds newly arrived Italian immigrants going directly out to farming districts where their relatives have already established themselves.

I do not believe I could go far wrong in asserting that within a few years, instead of 85 per cent of the agriculturists going into industries on arrival here, the figures will be reversed and only 15 per cent of them will go into industries, while 85 per cent will return to the farms, where their industry and perseverance are more remunerative than in the grossly underpaid common labor of the cities. And that would be so much the better for the Italians and ever so much better for America.

CHAPTER VII

THE FINNS OF EMBARRASS, MINNESOTA

AT Duluth I persuaded an inspector, Mr. G. E. Hall, to drive me to the village of Embarrass, about which I had heard a good many things, some of which were complimentary to the people living there, and some of which were quite the opposite. Before we started out on our hundred-and-twenty-mile drive, however, I went about talking to people and questioning them, and I listened to what they had to say with great interest. Just what it was that the people had against the Finns was the question uppermost in my mind. One man, who gave the impression of knowing it all, explained it to me.

"There are Christian Finns and black Finns," he said. "Now, the Christian Finns are all right. They are neither better nor worse than any other people in the neighborhood. They are like the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes we have in this State. They are good workers, and on the Mesaba Range and the mines about Virginia they are preferred to any other nationality; for the Finn is a born underground worker. But the black Finns of Embarrass are not Christians at all. They believe in witchcraft. Every family has

its own witch-house close by its living-quarters. And as often as a good Christian says his prayers, these black Finns visit their little witch-houses. It is a funny sight to see the whole family, each one wrapped in a large white sheet, going to this little house to pray to some deity. Now, these black Finns, too, are good workers, but we know enough about them to keep away from them."

I questioned him about the witchcraft belief. His fantasy had wings, and he went on to say: "These black Finns are very quiet and never talk to any one. Like the Chinese they sometimes pretend not to know English when as a matter of fact they know it as well as you and I."

I wondered when I heard of these stories. They reminded me of the Middle Ages when people used to pray to the moon, when huge kettles of water were hung over fires, into which molten lead was poured to predict the future or to court the favor of the evil spirits. Was it possible that such things still took place in the midst of all our civilization? Antennæ of radios could be seen on top of almost every house, and telegraph and telephone poles were on both sides of the road, the wires humming with news from one end of the world to the other as we sped by on the dirt road. I questioned other people, and they too were of the opinion that these little houses, to which the Finnish families went wrapped in white sheets, were places in which they worshiped deities. The Finns had them

The Black Finns. Aloof they may be, even to their brother Scandinavians who were crowded upon the Swedish peninsula, and so little known to their unenlightened neighbors over here as to cause talk of witchcraft because of the primitive Turkish-bath custom brought straight from Finland to our unwashed West

puzzled. They were indeed thought to be a peculiar lot, and people stayed as far away from them as possible.

We traveled on, and our next stop was the county workhouse. It is situated on a thousand-acre farm of which almost half has been cleared by the inmates during the last nine or ten years. There is a sawmill, and from timber cut on the place all the buildings have been put up also by the inmates who came and went. The superintendent, a big rugged fellow with tender brown eyes, conducted me around the place. Had I not been told that this was a workhouse, I would surely have thought it was a huge farm conducted as systematically as any other, with the superintendent as the head farmer or administrator. There were no bars at the windows, no padlocks, no cells, and the men went about their work in a free and easy manner, some of them sorting potatoes and filling the root-houses, others digging potatoes or ditches or doing other work about the farm. Still another group, some distance away, was sawing wood, first carefully measuring the logs before pushing them into the saw. All were dressed in overalls and looked in no way different from any other farm-hands I had met. As the superintendent passed these men they all greeted him in a friendly way. There were no guards about, and I learned from the superintendent that in the ten years the place had existed no gun had even been carried by guard or

warden. There was no feeling of resentment for restrained liberty among the inmates.

"How many of them have run away?" I asked.

"About two per cent of them have attempted to run away," the superintendent replied, playing with a toothpick, "and half of them have either returned voluntarily or been apprehended and brought back."

"And what was the punishment?" I asked.

"As a rule the time served before they ran away was not counted and they had to begin their sentences anew."

There were about eighty inmates at that time, and the majority of them were Finns. Here, I thought, is a man who will tell me more about the Finns than any one else.

"How do you find the Finns?" I questioned.

"Splendid workers," he answered.

"Are n't they unruly?" I asked.

He looked at me. "These men here," he said, "are not criminals. They are as good as you and I. They get into some jam with the law and are sent up here for twenty, thirty, and sometimes sixty days. That does not make them criminals, and we are not treating them as such. Most of them are here because of the prohibition laws, and the majority of them are recently arrived immigrants. They do not understand our laws. It does n't seem possible to them that their drink should be taken away from them just like that,"

and he snapped his fingers. "They do not mean any harm. But nowadays in this part of Minnesota people are arrested for things they would never have been arrested for before, for carrying a pint flask in their hip-pockets, and other things of the kind, which do not make a man a criminal."

"But is n't it a fact that the Finns in general are a bit unruly?" I ventured again, prompted by the information I had obtained previously.

"Not any more than others," he answered again.

We left the country workhouse, I more anxious than ever to reach the village of Embarrass, for in spite of the reassuring words of the county superintendent I was still unsatisfied. But we were not to reach there as soon as I thought we were going to. After driving about forty miles over fairly good roads and through tremendous tracts of cut-over land overgrown with brush and poplars, and greeted by deer and their fawns who looked at us suspiciously from the side of the road, as if they had never before seen such strange-looking animals, we reached the land that had been devastated by forest-fires in 1918. Charred stumps and naked trees gave the place a sort of mournful appeal.

In the midst of this barren country there were farms here and there, although no insurance companies would take the risk involved in insuring them. I stopped to talk to one of the farmers. He had gone through the fire. It had surrounded him before he had had time to drive his cattle away.

"I shot them in mercy," he explained.

"But what did you do?" I asked.

"I?" he replied. "I dug a hole in the ground while the fire was raging about me and then crawled in and waited. I took along something to eat. It got so hot in that hole I thought I would bake. And when I did come out at the end of the third day everything had burned down and my skin just peeled from my body. Gee, it was a deuce of a time!"

"But why do you stay here now?" I questioned.

"It 's my land, is n't it?" he replied. "I cleared it, and it is good land. Suppose I go elsewhere and a fire would come?"

He said no more, for he had work to do. He was a Finn. The next neighbor repeated to me the story that had just been told me. "That is the kind of people these Finns are, the Christian Finns," he added.

We stopped for a little rest at Meadowlands. The ground at Meadowlands belongs to the Duluth and Iron Range. Almost every farmer, and there are about three hundred of them, formerly worked in the iron-mines of the company, and some of them who have bought land are still working in the mines of the company until they can complete paying for their land. Meanwhile the women and children are clearing it until such time as the husband can remain at home and do the work. It is low muck-land, peat. Not one of the farmers is a native. They are all foreign-born. I doubt whether any native would buy the land or could

make a go of it. Only so long as child-labor and educational laws are not enforced could such land be made to pay, especially considering the price that has had to be paid for it. One of the agents accompanied me on my visit through the farms. He would not let us go alone. The people seemed to behave less freely than the people in the workhouse I had just visited. When I talked to a Hungarian farmer in his own language, the agent was rather uneasy, trying to catch the words, anxious to understand what we were talking about. As a matter of fact the discussion was a very simple one. The Hungarian and his family had been on the place about fifteen years. They had just finished paying for it. Forty acres in all. And they were happy with the sense of proprietorship. The rutabaga had succeeded very nicely. There were a few good cattle. A number of chickens and geese were being taken care of by a little girl of six. The son of nine was milking the cows, and the mother and father worked daily in the field. The three older boys, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen, were just then driving a cart of potatoes to the railroad station. They were all happy, but they were lonesome for their own kind of people.

It struck me that there was a purpose behind settling in that district people of many different nationalities, creating a Tower of Babel so that they should not be able to understand one another and air their grievances in common. Incidentally, most of these people had

had to learn English because of this fact, but they were not happier for knowing it. Isolation was in no way improving their dispositions. Only a few miles to the left was a settlement solid with Finns who had settled there on homesteads. But they had no communication with their neighbors.

We stopped at many Finn farms. I could not understand why people referred to the Finns as wild-eyed radicals who wanted to turn the Government topsyturvy. What I saw while I was there was merely a strong inclination to coöperate which always insured them against total failure and reduced the cost of everything they bought by perhaps one third of what other people had to pay for it. Everything was bought in quantities and coöperatively. It looked to me as opposition or indifference to coöperative activities may have been at the bottom of the denunciation of the Finns.

It was, of course, difficult to engage any of them in conversation. They are rather a shy lot. The part of the report that they were like Chinamen, inasmuch as they refused to talk English when they did not want to, I found to be true. They turned their backs upon strangers and refused to have much to do with them. The settlement was in many ways different from any other community. There were no actual villages. There seemed to be no desire to live close together, as was the case with most of the other newly arrived immigrants. I was told that the Finns excelled in the

production of rye and that they produced more rye to the acre than any other nationality in Minnesota. I saw fewer cattle than elsewhere, each farm seeming to have just enough for its own needs. And if the houses were very simple, with no indication of luxury or desire for luxury within, the stables gave every indication of great love for animals. Almost everywhere the barns and the stables were superior in comfort to the house; not only were they more substantial but they were also more beautiful, most of them gaily painted, and it could easily be seen that they were the pride of their owners. All of them owned teams of horses that looked as if groomed for an exhibition.

I looked about for the little houses of magic which had so intrigued me before I had left Duluth. I tried to account for every building about each farm. There was the home, the hennery, the outhouse, the root-house, the barn, and the hay-shed; always there was one little building too many. Generally it was a square, squat log house, which seemed to be half in the ground, with a wide door and a blind window. There was nothing else about it to indicate its mysterious office.

That night we slept at a hotel in Virginia. Everything about the place was Finnish—the names and the signs above the stores, the architecture. And as it was quite cold and dreary, the men and women went about wrapped in their homeland wolf coats. Virginia that night gave me the impression of being some-

In the bleak little Finland village of Embarrass, Minnesota, where the houses portray the independence of their inhabitants by the nonchalant Finnish way in which they stand about, life goes on much as elsewhere

where in Helsingfors. In the morning, a cold and clammy one, we set out for Embarrass, forty miles westward from Virginia. We traveled through a few more miles of burned-down forests, the result of another forest-fire; and after passing several creeks and several mining-camps near small, neat villages in which working-men of the mines lived, we arrived at Embarrass.

I immediately inquired for the man who I had been told was the head of the village. Before looking him up I walked through the streets of Embarrass. I had seldom received a more definite impression of outlandishness than I did while walking through these streets. There were no two houses in a straight row. One was facing north. Another one faced south. One seemed to stick its nose out to the passengers on the road, and another seemed to be growing like an oyster within its shell. The construction of all the houses seemed to be very extraordinary. The entrance to the upper part of the house was always from the outside. The roofs were laid in many curious shapes. There seemed to be no purpose in the different elevations of angles, neither was there the slightest attempt to beautify the appearance of the houses nor of the yards. The pride of the farmers seemed to be entirely in their horses. When I entered the only restaurant there was an unwillingness to serve strangers, as if a stranger needed a special permit to enter that part of the United States, which was Finland. Embarrass

consisted of about three hundred and fifty families, each and all living the same kind of lives.

I finally found my man. He was not on his farm, but he was on some other land upon which he and his son were building a house. And right there the secret of the magic houses was revealed. When a Finn builds a home the first thing he builds is a small ten-by-ten bath-house. Every Finnish home has its own steam bath-house. About twice a week a pile of stones is heated in the bath-house, after which the entire family, father, mother, and children, wrapped only in white sheets and each carrying a pail of water, goes into the little house to bathe. Inside benches are built around the walls, and higher up there are large shelves. When the place has been made air-tight the water is thrown upon the heated stones, and the members stretch out nude on the benches and shelves ready for their steam baths. As they become accustomed to the heat more water is thrown upon the stones, producing a more intense heat. It is a sort of Turkish steam bath. The Finns have always had a passion for the steam bath, and more than two generations are required before they lose the custom. Needless to say, they are the cleanest, probably the healthiest people in the world. Their physical cleanliness is exemplary. And it is no accident when in an Olympic contest the Finns excel others in athletics. It is not an accident when a forty-year-old man outruns much younger ones of other races. The Finns at Embarrass are all

immigrants; only the very young children have been born in this country. Originally they were imported to work in the mines. But now I shall let Alec Palo speak. He is a Finn of Embarrass and a very intelligent man.

"Every Finn he got his steam bath. Every Finn believe in cleanliness, but that is not the only difference between the Finns and other people, though. There is more difference, and that is no Finn in Embarrass will ever go back to the mines. Many have come from the mines with bad lungs and got healed here. Now nobody will go back any more. We do not want hospitals; we want farms, and everybody wants such a farm as he wants.

"There are Finns in Biwabik and Aurora. There are Finns in Dunks and Nashwauk. No two houses are alike, no two Finns are alike, but when it comes to buying and selling we are all alike because we must pay the same price and we all get the same price."

I put an inadvertent question to Palo. His lips came down upon the beginning of a sentence. He drew away from me and went over to Mr. Hall. No other word would he speak directly to me. He had heard too many accusations of radicalism, and he resented them. Yet he wanted to give me more information and so he spoke loudly enough to Mr. Hall for me to hear. Alec Palo was the first man to come to Embarrass. He had worked in the mines and filed a

claim and taken this land as a homestead. And while he still worked in the mine he cut down the lumber on his land out of which he built his home and his bath-house. When he had cleared sufficient land and built the house and the bath-house and everything was ready, he went out in search of a wife; and then, not because he wanted other Finns near him, but merely because one could not coöperate alone, Palo went down to the mines and talked to the people from his own home town who happened to work there. They came out and looked the place over.

That was thirty-five years ago. The farms were then inhabited by wolves, bears, and foxes. The huge Finlanders came with their axes, and, still working part of the time in the mines, they cleared land and built roads, practically from Virginia to Embarrass, first making a path and then widening it until to-day the roads are as good as any rural roads in the country. The Finns owe a great deal of their success to their women. Huge, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, they are as a rule taller than the men and as broad-shouldered. Although they still seemed to have the old-world attitude of regarding their husbands as lords and masters, when it came to discussing farming they came to the fore, and rightly so, for the men were very poor farmers while their wives were excellent ones.

For centuries and centuries it has been the business of the women of Finland to take care of the cows, and

to this day the same custom prevails. It is for that reason that dairying is an unknown art on the Finnish farm.

A Finnish farmer's wife will tell you that peat-land is the best land there is for farming, and when the woman talks the man stands aside, neither approving nor disapproving.

I asked Palo why no tractors were to be seen in the several hundred Finnish farms I visited, where it seemed to me they could have been used to great advantage. Palo looked at me and smiled. He knew. Oil was bound to give out soon. He knew that there was not enough in the earth to take care of all the machinery burning it now. "What will they do then with the machinery?" he questioned with a twinkle in his eye. It was curious that the Finns, though so learned and intelligent in many other things, should absolutely refuse to use tractors on their farms.

They have neither desire nor inclination to have their children Americanized.

"American children are worthless, unruly, and disrespectful to their parents, and they don't stay on the farms," they explained.

And one of the huge Amazons, when asked why she did not give her children an equal chance with those of other nationalities by sending them to school, answered promptly: "American children leave their homes. Look at all the neighbors of Finnish farmers.

You will find their sons have left home. The Finnish sons stay here and clear more land."

A terrible hatred shone in her eyes as she snapped: "If ever a child of mine wants to go to the mine instead of working on the farm I strangle that child. Mines no good for Finns. They peasants, not miners."

I wondered why the other man had told me that the Finns were the best underground workers. Yet Finns of second generations I have met elsewhere do go to school and, miracle of miracles, do stay on the farms.

According to the census there are some three hundred thousand Finns in this country; some seventy thousand in Michigan, sixty thousand in Minnesota, twenty-five thousand in Massachusetts, twenty-one thousand in New York, eighteen thousand in Wisconsin, four thousand in Chicago, and twelve thousand in California. The Finnish population is a rural population in the Old World. The original immigration from Finland started in the eighties of the last century. But Finns came over here as early as 1650 with the first Swedish settlers.

As long as they are in small numbers they quickly assimilate with other peoples. Undoubtedly a good many of them have traveled the country in covered wagons. A good many of them, arriving in the eighties and the nineties, were counted as Russians; for Finland was not yet an independent country.

There are some fifteen Finnish newspapers and a number of magazines published in America. The oldest Finnish paper is forty-four years old. Like some of the other Northern races, the Finns are held together by different religious and political organizations too which they all belong. Slow as they are to assimilate, they merge perfectly. No one could tell a Finn from another American after the second generation. It is estimated that the ax of the Finn has cleared a million acres of land, for most of the Finns have settled either on homesteads or on cut-over land.

CHAPTER VIII

THE POLISH FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

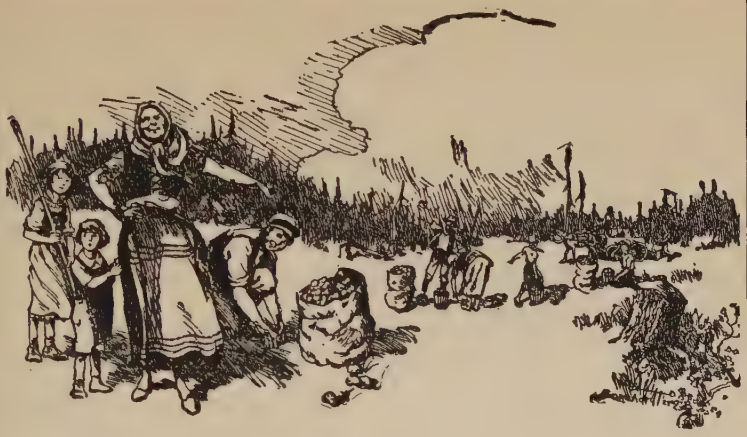
ACCORDING to the most reliable information the first Poles came here in the middle of the seventeenth century. Martin Zabriskie headed the first Polish group, which settled in Hackensack, New Jersey. From here the group spread into the outlying territory and mingled with the other populations rapidly. But it was not until about 1830 that the Poles began to come in greater numbers.

Between 1830 and 1860 Poland was torn apart, and its inner struggles were such that many of the leaders of the revolutions, seeking to escape imprisonment or death, escaped to America. The first refugees, those who came in 1830, because they were here in small numbers have been rapidly assimilated into American blood; but those who came in rapid succession after that, upon learning of the existence of groups here and there and everywhere, joined them and created communities of Poles all over the country, which attempted to live their own lives and keep their old traditions, oblivious of the fact that they were now in another country. They created their own institutions, churches, hospitals, schools, and societies.

After 1864 the relatives of the Polish immigrants and their friends followed in such thick streams that the number of Poles admitted to the United States during the year 1912-13 was close to a hundred and seventy-five thousand. The greater part of these Polish immigrants belonged to the landless peasant class. They came here chiefly to earn sufficient money, by working in the mines and in factories, to return home and there buy land and become landed peasants, each owning part of the dear, coveted Polish ground, bought with the result of his labor in the United States. Of all the peoples in Europe none is more patriotic than the Poles. To a Pole nothing is superior to that which is produced in Poland, be it literature, art, wheat, corn, or statesmen. The Poles are the most self-centered race on the globe.

But tens of thousands of Poles never returned home. For some of them life was much too pleasant here; the comforts of life here reduced to zero their desire to return home. Others, by reason of illness caused by the fact that they were unaccustomed to work in mines and factories, never succeeded in gathering together enough money with which to return, and they were too proud to return as empty-handed as they had left their country. Others had yet another thing happen to them: their children, having grown up in this country, refused to leave for an unknown land.

About 30 per cent of the immigrants settled on farms. There are Poles in almost every State in the



A Polish mother of many children who displays hundreds of acres in homesteaded land that are hers, proud of having achieved this expansion so dear to the Polish heart, impossible to attain in Poland

Union. Indeed, most of the New-England farms are now slowly passing into the hands of the Polish immigrants who are settling upon them. There are Poles along the Connecticut Valley and all about the Michigan, Huron, and Superior Lakes. Everywhere where land could be bought cheap they have settled; and it is only where they have been able to settle in larger groups that they have remained and continued to work the farms.

Tens of thousands of acres of cut-over land, which have been lying worthless because no native farmer cared to undertake to clear it of stumps, have been bought at very low prices—although even at that they were too high—by Poles who have saved up enough money, from working in factories and mines, to purchase it. What they have done with their land is an amazing feat of human endeavor. For land which had been lying worthless is now fertile and productive, and the forest-fires that had been decimating timberland are now slowly being eliminated by the vast stretches of cultivated areas. As far as the land is concerned, this country has benefited considerably by the work of its half-million Poles. The fact that these men had practically to make their own land, instead of buying it ready-made as other populations have done, has made the land dear to them. They consider it a part of themselves, and they love it as much as they formerly loved their own dear Polish land. They have small Polands here and lavish as much love upon the

land wrested from the timber as they did upon the land wrested from the enemies of their country.

I remember in Posen, in Presque Isle County of upper Michigan along Lake Huron, one of the Polish farmers was complaining to me about the low price of potatoes, of which he had raised several thousand bushels. He argued that the more land one owned the poorer one actually was. He was getting only twenty-seven or twenty-eight cents a bushel for his potatoes, and it had cost him much more to produce them. Yet on the following morning I found him and his nine children, ranging from the ages of eighteen down, busy in the forest with an axe and dynamite, clearing more land.

"Why do you clear more land?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "more land is more land. I love land."

The community of Posen is perhaps one of the best examples of the Polish farmers before they have assimilated. There are about three thousand souls in that county and its immediate vicinity. One can now reach Posen by train on the Père Marquette Railroad, but when the Poles came there there was neither train nor road by which to get to the hinterland. They have been there more than seventy years, and it is they who have made the roads leading in and out of Posen and Crackaw, to state roads and the railway tracks. What had been inaccessible timber-land is now easily reached through a dozen highways.

These Poles came here from Posen or Krakau, two important towns in Poland. A number of them were brought by the lumber company then operating in that neighborhood. They had been engaged to cut timber. They had come by boat directly from Poland to Rogers, and after cutting the timber a group of them had bought the land from the lumber company at a dollar or two an acre, each taking a quarter of a section, while still others obtained homestead land. During the winter they would cut timber for the company, and in the spring they would clear their own land. And after they had cut the timber they bought more land, bringing their friends and families, settling rapidly, multiplying themselves, building churches, creating villages until the section very much resembles the land of their nativity. They named the first village so settled Posen, and the next one Crackaw.

The Pole is a very good farmer and a very good cattleman, but he believes in doing things as his father and grandfather did them. He, too, believes in small farm villages instead of a baronial estate for each farmer, as was Jefferson's original dream. They are very fond of their social life, of gaiety and dancing, and Polish people are proverbial in this country both for their colorfulness and for their noisiness, as well as for the curious and ancient customs among them which come to the fore at such celebrations as weddings and christenings. The dowry of the bride is actually given by each inhabitant of the place. The

father of the bride provides the dinner; the father of the groom provides the wine and the musicians. At the entrance a large shawl of resplendent old colors is spread, each corner held by a well-known member of the community, and as the guests pass in they throw pieces of silver or dollar bills, each according to his own desire or the degree of his liking for the groom or the bride. It is no rare thing for the total to amount to twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. Nothing is lost by those who give, for in the next week or two the bride or groom will have to do the same thing at the giver's own wedding. It is a sort of coöperative wedding arrangement. When a large sum of money is thrown into the shawl the musicians strike up a livelier tune and the noise becomes the greater.

In Posen they have a parochial school adjoining the church. The school is called the Skola Kazimierska. Nuns are teachers. When I entered the school, accompanied by the priest, we were greeted in Polish. Upon the invitation of the priest the children all rose to their feet and sang, full-throated, a Polish hymn. Upon request they then sang an American song, but it was easy to see that they were not so familiar with the tune or the words as they were with the Polish one.

I visited farm after farm and talked to men and women who have been born in this country and yet could not express themselves even moderately well in the English language. Indeed, some of them born here hardly knew more than their parents had when

they arrived in this country. There should have been at least six hundred children in the school-rooms at that time. Instead, there were only a little more than a hundred; for most of them were engaged in digging potatoes. The priest rather sorrowfully told me that most of the children were nearly always engaged in doing something on the farm, for the Pole considers his children part of his wealth, as if they were cattle.

It is perhaps wrong to deduce that the Poles are backward because they do not send their children to school or that they do not believe in education. It is my belief that the chief reason is really the low prices that are paid for their products. They could not exist at all if they had to pay hired help for the work done on the farm. It is only because the children work so hard together with their parents that both ends meet. Children of eight and nine are milking cows, and the smaller ones are tending flocks of geese. Boys of eleven are at the plows. On one farm I counted seventeen children, the youngest seven and the oldest twenty-odd, every one of them working in the fields. None of them had ever been at school. They had cleared a hundred and sixty acres of cut-over land in fifteen years and made it productive. The basic reason of the ignorance of our Polish farmers and their un-American behavior is rather to be laid at the door of low prices than at the unwillingness of the people to learn. Potatoes were selling at a dollar

a bushel in Detroit then, but the farmer only got twenty-eight cents.

It is true that the Poles are more clannish than any other people. It is true that the community never, or very seldom, allows any other blood to mix with its own. But it is also true that their neighbors do not make any overtures of friendship to them. During the years when they worked elbow to elbow in the mines and factories with those whom they considered Americans, but who were really immigrants of other nationalities with whom they could not converse except in a few broken words which they had learned in common, they never attempted to become real friends with these people.

The Poles are rather shy in associating with strangers. Whatever contact they make with the outer world is through their own Polish papers, which come to them from New York and Chicago, or by meetings of branches of the thousand and one Polish organizations all over the country to which each one belongs. There is the Polish National Alliance, the Polish Women's Alliance, the Polish this, that, and the other thing, to which all belong. Attached to these organizations, through the work of the church and through other channels which urge upon them, is the Polish American Alliance. Indeed, one of these alliances has a membership of a hundred and seventy thousand members, of which every one is assessed one

cent as monthly dues. There are ten thousand Polish organizations, societies, and clubs throughout the United States, and all of them are engaged in educational work, but mostly Polish educational work, to keep them Polish and not to help them become Americans. There are twenty-one dailies and fifty-five weeklies in the Polish language in the United States. The aggregate circulation of the Polish press in America is about one and a half million. One can sense, in coming in contact with the Poles, that they feel the power that is in their great numbers and also feel that the more of them there are together the better they can lead their own lives.

The neighboring communities look upon all this, wrongly or rightly, with suspicion and dissatisfaction. They contend that the Pole is too noisy, that he produces too much. They accuse him of ignorance, they accuse him of not sending his children to school, little realizing that the tendency is more to create another little Poland than to become Americans.

I shall never forget the little farm near Crackaw presided over by Mrs. Malofsky, born in this country about fifty years ago, one of the first Polish children born in America.

"We come Cheboygan, first my father, then my mother she come. Then I was born. Plenty Indians and plenty bad mans. And then my father he come here because Poles here. Then we buy this land—all stone and stump—and we work. My brothers

The lad in the funny clothes, driving his geese past yellow, seasoned stone walls in the narrow lane of the little village of Michigan, might well have been of a picture taken direct from old Poland

they work, and then everybody work and work."

She pointed to me with her finger and turned around with great pride. "All this ours, Malofsky!"

The Malofsky family, father, sons, and daughters, own more than two thousand acres of clean, flat black land, undulating softly, upon which they grow everything from wheat to potatoes and on which graze cattle of every description. Mrs. Malofsky herself is now the mother of seventeen children of all sizes and all ages. None of them present could speak better English than their mother. They were too busy clearing land and digging potatoes to learn the language. English was a luxury; they would not need it in their community.

But Mrs. Malofsky became prophetic. "I love this country. I born here. This good country. I American. I never go Poland, and so all children work, only one daughter, she now school-teacher. When I marry I swear I make one girl school-teacher in this country."

Never before have I seen such pride of sacrifice. All the children around her seemed to stretch out and fill their chests in this contagious pride. The Malofsky family has cleared thousands of acres of land and has given to the country a school-teacher. I have no doubt that the grandchildren of Mrs. Malofsky will be taught English by one of their relatives—if the price of potatoes does not go down still lower in the next few years. In Posen, as well as elsewhere where

immigrants have settled, the price obtained for the product of the land stands in immediate relation with the degree of assimilation of the people.

There are in the United States, according to the census of 1920, one million two hundred thousand Polish immigrants, including first generation and native-born. It is estimated there are about three million people of Polish blood in America. The largest Polish settlements are in Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. It is from all these cities that Poles are being drawn, by land-agents and by golden representations, into the farm-lands of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Indiana, Nebraska, Texas, and elsewhere.

During the last boom of farm-land, immediately after the war, a number of these men who had worked in factories put all their money into farms, buying lands at inflated prices, the old farmer retiring and going to Long Beach, California, the retired farmers' paradise. Almost all these farms have now returned to the original owners, who have found themselves compelled to abandon paradise and return to the land. One finds many such farms abandoned all over the country. Almost every abandoned farm in Michigan or Wisconsin or Minnesota from which a Pole has departed was originally bought at too high a price. These people have not the same love for the land as have the ones who cleared it of stumps and broke

their backs to make it fertile. It was neither land that they have made, nor was it inherited. They have come to it only because of the money they dreamed they might make out of it, and when this did not materialize they had no scruples in leaving it.

It would take more than a financial depression to press the Pole of Posen or Crackaw, who has cleared his land, to abandon it. They are all rooted in it. They have for it that splendid love of the European peasant which makes the land part of him. He could no more sell his land than he could sell his own arm.

The priest of Posen, a very intelligent man, said to me: "I am glad they, the men who bought land at inflated prices, are going away, for they have been an undesirable lot. They have been too long in the cities. They have been contaminated by the cities. They drank and fought. They had neither love nor respect for anybody or anything. It was useless for me to hope to turn them in the right path. I was rather afraid they would turn the others."

It is characteristic of the Poles that, of all our recently immigrated nations, it is only among them that I found native-born Americans who were still on the farms, in Michigan, in Wisconsin, in Minnesota, and in Dakota. They refused to sell their land during the great inflation and do not regret it. In almost every college one finds now sons of Polish farmers studying agriculture. They want to become better farmers and do not strive to go into other pro-

fessions. In large cities, among Polish workingmen, I found hundreds who were saving money to buy farms. Others already had their families here while they were working to save enough to buy tools and cattle, or enough to keep them on the land for a spell, to clear more land. The ax of the Pole has cleared two million acres of cut-over land in this country and is still clearing. It is the Pole's contribution to the wealth and health of this country.

CHAPTER IX

JUGOSLAV FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

I LEFT the Polish villages of Posen and Crackaw early one morning. We passed rapidly by some early German settlers whose farms were in great contrast to the Polish farms I had just seen. There were vines creeping from underneath porches, and small flower-gardens could be seen to the left and right of the neatly fenced front yards. The geese were pasturing peacefully, while the cleanly dressed children were already seen coming up and down the road on their way to school. Here and there a man in corduroy and high boots, with his gun slung over his shoulder, was returning from an early hunting-expedition. The bag he carried in one of his hands testified to his luck or marksmanship. The German farmers are known to the Polish as American farmers, although the English of these Americans is still a strong mixture of guttural and Anglified German words. Poles and Germans are hereditary enemies; and yet they settled here so near one another!

Huge piles of stones, some of them fifty and sixty feet across the base and twenty feet high, were lying at the side of the road, showing what these settlers

had had to go through in order to clear their land. Some of the more enterprising ones had used the stones to build themselves houses and even barns. The original product of the land was stones. They grew in great profusion and endless variety.

We soon struck the shore road, and from that time, uninterrupted, we had on one side of us the shimmering waters of Lake Huron with the frosty glitter from the early morning sun, and on the other side a seemingly unending deep forest of poplars and silver birch-trees with wide-spreading branches capriciously bending this way and that. They had grown over after the timber had been cut from the land. Tens of thousands of acres of timber have been cut here, and every few miles alongside of the road were the solid masses of cement platforms of abandoned sawmills. Huge bolts upon which the saws had once been fastened were bent and curved and looked like skeletons of what had once been living bodies. Partridges were crossing the road. Fat with autumn abundance they scuttled along like field-mice. Prairie-chickens and ring-necked pheasants were flying overhead. Young fawn and deer were stretching their long necks eagerly, alert, and remained fixed on the spot, as if paralyzed. Their thin limbs quivered with fright and emotion before they finally took their flight through the crashing rush. All these miles of poplar- and birch-trees were awaiting the ax which would clear them into fertile land.

It was land similar to this the Poles of Posen had had to clear, and it seemed unbelievable that man could accomplish so much by hard and persistent work. It seemed unbelievable that love for land could engender such heroism.

Before we reached Polroad, so named because it is the road the Poles have cut from Glennie to Posen, I saw a man in the early forties sitting on one of the cement platforms of an abandoned sawmill. A dog was lying at his feet. I stopped to talk to him, but my feet almost froze to the ground when I approached close to him. Instead of hands protruding from his sleeves he had only two highly polished steel hooks. It was at this mill, as he later told me, that he had lost his hands. He has never left the place. He lived near-by in a little hut with the dog as his only companion, and from what he told me I learned of his still greater tragedy.

After the accident he had never written to the girl he had left back home. He had come to this country to get together enough money to buy a farm and establish a home. He had preferred to let her think he had become untrue to her and abandoned her instead of writing her of his plight.

"The fool," he said, "would have come to me out of pity!"

Again we struck the shore road, passing through several farms kept by Indians of the Six Nation Tribes; the poverty of their huts, the scrawniness of

their few cattle pasturing inland, and the meagre corn still standing on patches of a few acres testified mutely to the losing fight of the red man. The Indian farmer complained of the country's injustice to him. He wanted to sell his land but could not; the Government would not let him.

"Am I not as good as a white man?" he argued. "A white man can sell his land when he wants to, and I cannot. A Polack or a Hunkie can do what he wants, and I cannot."

I hated to tell him what I thought. The Polacks and Hunkies had each cleared his hundred and fifty or two hundred acres while he had not cleared more than five. Only those who can make land productive should own it.

In Cleveland, Miss Eastman, the superintendent of the public library, had told me not to miss the colony of Jugoslavs which she had visited some time before. All she knew about their location was that it was somewhere between Alpena and Bay City. I inquired at almost every house on the way, yet very few could give me certain indication of their existence and whereabouts. I had almost given up hope of ever finding them when my attention was attracted to a row of small huts behind a tortuous part of the road. I went down to inquire. It did not take me long to realize that I had discovered the outlying district of the colony. For although I saw neither man nor woman around the eight or ten hastily built shacks,

something in the form of the construction of the shacks told me I was on the right track. A small shaggy dog, a puppy of an Ogar, the kind of dog they use in Serbia and Rumania, the homespun curtains on the windows, as well as some of the linen which hung on a line between two trees, gave mute testimony that I was among the very people I had been seeking for the last two days. The little dog barked furiously. A little girl came out from behind one of the shacks. She was like a creature from some other world, dressed in a pair of blue denims with a flaming red handkerchief tied around her golden hair, which the wind ruffled delightfully. She addressed me calmly in her own language and looked at me wonderingly when I answered her in English, telling her that I did not understand what she said. The little dog kept barking continually. As I was talking to the little girl a number of men and women, attracted by the dog's noise, appeared from behind the trees on the run. Standing at a safe distance from me with their axes in their hands, they all began to talk at once. Who was I? What did I want? How much like frightened deer they looked! Like the very deer I had seen on the road!

I realized they had been isolated from the rest of the world for so long that the mere appearance of a stranger had thrown them into a fright. But we were soon on the best of terms. Other people to the number of about twenty kept on coming from the back

The mid-western backwoods, yes; yet the quaint costume of the little girl that peered from behind the log house, the Serbian puppy, the embroidered pieces on the line, the fences made of uprooted trees—all disclosed that here lived Bohemians

and sides of the shacks, to be reassured in a few words by the others as to my good intentions. They had been clearing land. The men were all of huge build and broad shoulders, and the women were very large and wore shawls around their heads tied in a knot under their chins. They were new-comers to this country, having arrived only a year or so ago. They were the only ones who had not at first gone to work in factories or mines but had come directly to the land. Having immediately after their arrival cleared enough for a garden-patch, they were now working to clear the four thousand acres that the fifteen families had purchased. They were mostly from the same village in Serbia. They had pooled their money together, and now they were doing their work together.

There was only a thin fringe of poplar left around the houses for wind-breaks. The rest had already been cleared as far as my eye could go. Huge piles of brush and wood stood like mountains. Huge piles of ashes gave evidence of the continual work that had been going on so intensively. Out of the roots of the trees—hemlocks, oaks, pines, and maples—which had been torn out of the earth, they were building fences with crooked tentacles, the roots stretching out menacingly into the air to hold in their grip any trespasser.

No matter how intensively they had been working, the appearance of a stranger made them all drop their

work. "It is much too soon for lunch," an old man said, "but we want to break bread with you."

He had no sooner said this when the women disappeared, soon reappearing, however, carrying earthen jars filled with fresh water so that we might wash our hands. Then, while we sat around in a circle, Turkish fashion, they told me how they had come to this country. It was the older men only who spoke, the younger ones listening quietly, the women never saying a word and the children standing respectfully aside. I listened in wonder. How soon the hearts of these old men would break when this patriarchal attitude could no longer be maintained! The old man was telling me of the wonders of America:

"They have schools everywhere. My children could not go to school in my country, but here they have school so my grandchildren will go to school."

I wondered what Balgan would think in a few years from now when little Ephrosia, instead of standing in awe respectfully to one side, would come up to him and say, "Gee, who do you think you are, anyway?"

While we were breaking bread and they were telling me their story, I found from them that there was another colony of Serbians, the parent colony of this one, about six or eight miles distant, who had come to that part of the country thirty or more years ago. I made haste and was in the midst of the parent colony about an hour later. It is a thickly populated

settlement consisting of about fifty families in one group, with more living in outlying districts, about ten miles from Glennie and twenty-five miles from the Sable station of the Père Marquette Road on Lake Huron. What a wide-awake lot of men and women I found! There was nothing of the frightened deer about them. They looked out upon one with large, open, frank eyes, their high cheek-bones and rounded noses glistening almost insolently as they spoke to me. Although they wore clothes of the usual sort, it was easy to distinguish them from other people. They too had arrived, like the Poles in Posen, about forty years ago. They too had first been brought here from their own land as lumbermen. Lumber companies' agents had told them glowing tales of golden harvests. Steamship-agents did the rest. They had liked the land and purchased it from the lumber companies. There were homesteads to be had, and they took them also. They had cleared their land many years ago, and cleverly, not like the other farmers in the neighborhood, they had never gambled on one crop. They had been the first in the neighborhood to practise diversified farming, and when it was possible two or three pooled their farms together, plowing, sowing, and harvesting collectively. If the wheat happened to be a poor crop, or the price was low, the barley or the rye or the corn was apt to bring better prices. If the beets did not pay, the

potatoes might. How different from the Polish farmers I had just seen! There each one was a law unto himself on his own farm. Here energy and resources were pooled together. And because they had shared a good breeding-bull together, they had more cream to each cow than any three from the Polish villages. Not that the Serbians had pure-bred stock, but it was good stock, great stock.

All the children went to school but each one contributed to the work on the farm and in the house in a particular way. Young boys were in charge of the geese and chickens. Young girls were in charge of the lambs. Already some of the older ones, in anticipation of an approaching marriage, were clearing their own land, and at the same time doing their share of the work in the house; for the land had to be bought with the money the father had given. In spite of all this a good deal of the old patriarchal spirit among the people had been preserved. They were good Americans because they were first of all good Serbians. At almost every house I found a Serbian book or two, and in some of the older houses there were even old-fashioned looms. And a very old lady, while talking to me, twisted and turned the spindle making yarn for her own clothes, assuring me that it was a sin to wear clothes of any other material than what was made in the house. There were phonographs in most of the houses. But the rest of

the furniture was the product of the ax and the saw from timber found on the land. Cart-wheels and chairs and tables were being made by the farmers, although they had all that was necessary in advanced agricultural machinery on their places.

I was to go many hundreds of miles before I found a more ideal, a more peaceful, a more hopeful lot than these Jugoslavs. Very few of them had been tainted by any stay in the city. Not that I consider that the city leaves an ugly brand on each human being, but the first contact of peasants from across the sea with saloons, bootleggers, card-playing nights, the gutter and the dirt of the poor, ugly, unsanitary homes in the tenement-houses of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit generally leaves an indelible mark on them.

Living a little aside from the rest was George Kaluna. I had already heard about him. I went to see him, a handsome young chap of about twenty-five. He stood near his young wife, who held her second baby in her arms. She was from Muskegon on Lake Michigan and of Dutch stock. They were both born in this country. George was the son of the leader of the Serbian district, who now acted as a sort of *starosti,* judge, adviser, mayor, and priest in one; for the community was too small to have a priest. Indeed, in spite of the fact that these men had lived there so long, they had not given a name to the place. And the neighbors who knew of its existence referred

to it as the hill between Glennie and Kurtz. George was rightfully indignant when I suggested that he name their place with some Serbian name, as the Dutch, Germans, Poles, and English had done in the communities in which they had settled.

George had left his father's farm as a boy of fifteen and gone to work in a factory. He had learned the steel-cabinet-making trade, at which he had earned as high as sixty and seventy dollars a week. During our conversation he said: "After a while there came upon me a longing for farm work. I could not stay in the factory. I wanted the soil and the odor of it. I longed for a place where I could stretch my hands without hurting them against walls, and so I talked to my wife when we had just been married, and I said to her: 'We are going to have children. And I do not want my children to grow up in a factory town.' And she said she didn't either."

The two looked into each other's eyes. "You are not sorry, dear, are you?" he questioned with a tremor in his voice.

And when her bright eyes answered him that she was not, he continued: "But the best I could do was to rent this farm from a man who is now living in Jersey. It is a good farm, and it is a thousand acres. But I am now doing what my father has done, what the other people have done. I am clearing land. There!" and he pointed a distance across the road. "There is the place I have bought, and while I am

living on this farm I am clearing the land there. Another three or four years and it will be mine."

"But it is yours, George, since you have bought it," I ventured.

"It is not mine until I have cleared it," he answered, clipping his words. "Buying land does not make it yours."

"Well," I said, trying him out, "when this community grows you will be able to sell that land across the street for a much higher price than you have paid for it."

And George, although born in America where everything seems to be for sale, straightened out and answered almost angrily, "I am not clearing that land to sell; I am clearing it to live on, for my children to live on."

It did my heart good to hear this hardy peasant, this young native-born American, talk this way. It gave me hope that the sons of others, after going to the city for their pay-envelope, may feel likewise upon their return to the land. It raised my hopes for the day to come when the peasant, instead of inhabiting the slums and gutters of industrial cities, will come and contribute his perseverance and brawn to clear the thousands and thousands of acres of idle poplar-bush.

Suddenly George became very sad. "There is only one great trouble," he said, "and that is the number

of people in this community who recently received letters signed with three K's and a cross. I too have received one recently. For three days I could not do any work; then I thought of perhaps going to Canada to clear land. Even my father and other people have thought so. But, no, we have made up our minds this is our home. We have as much right to it as anybody. We work. We have a right to our beliefs and religion, and we have a right to be born of whatever stock God wanted us to be born of." George's English is impeccable. He is studious and clear-headed.

A little later he pointed to a Guernsey calf hopping around in the yard. "She is pure-bred. I paid two hundred dollars for her. It is not her fault she is pure-bred."

There was not a single luxury in this young couple's house, but the house was exemplarily clean. The cradle was home-made. So were the bed and the chairs. But the calf was pure-bred and cost two hundred dollars.

Before the World War, if any one had spoken about Jugoslavs nine people out of ten would have looked wonderingly in the air, never having heard of them before. "Jugo" means South; "Slavs," slaves. The kingdom of Jugoslavia comprises the Croats, Serbians, Slovenes, and Dalmatians. With the exception of the Serbians, all were formerly part of the

Austrian Empire. There are some four hundred thousand foreign-born Jugoslavs in this country and about two hundred thousand native-born of Jugoslav parentage. Until 1880 there was hardly any immigration from that part of the world into the United States, but since then it has grown every year until it reached its apex in 1902.

As early as the beginning of the seventeenth century a number of Jugoslav missionaries had arrived here, most of them going to Mexico to do missionary work. Ferdinand Konscak, also known as Gonzales, a missionary and an explorer, published the first map of Southern California.

In the gold-rush to California hundreds of Dalmatians appeared suddenly. They had arrived in small sailing-boats by way of the Strait of Magellan, braving almost unbelievable hardships on the way, and although very few of them had the luck to strike gold, a number of them, either unwilling or unable to return home, remained in California and have long since been so completely assimilated that they can hardly be distinguished from the other people.

Another Jugoslav, the Bishop Baraga, who had come to America in 1831, published a grammar and a dictionary of the language of the Chippewa Indians. In the same language he also issued later a translation of the Bible and compiled a book of prayers in the language of the Ottawa Indians. As a monument

to this man stands the town of Baraga, in Michigan.

In Minnesota Kraintown was originally founded a hundred and fifty years ago by a group of Jugoslavs coming from the province of Krain in their own country. The second generation of farmers now live in Kraintown. Extremely popular and extremely prosperous, they are the bulwark of the County.

From the Dalmatians, who were originally fishermen and farmers, a good many, after years of work in factories, have returned to the soil and are now very successful in agriculture. There are Dalmatian and Jugoslav communities in the Santa Clara, Sonora, and Sacramento valleys in California. There, too, these sturdy men have transformed their land into the most fertile fruit-growing valleys. Much of their traditions have completely disappeared, but there is still enough left; and I have never met a single Jugoslav, a native of this country, who could not speak his own tongue and read it as well as he could English.

A good many from the Dalmatian Islands, expert fishermen, settled on the Pacific coast in the fish industry. In Louisiana the oyster industry is practically in the hands of the Dalmatians. The Jugoslavs are great believers in organization. They have more than a hundred different organizations in the country. These were united in 1901 under the name of Serbobran. There are three hundred

and fifty branches scattered throughout the United States with a membership of three hundred thousand and cash assets of more than seven million dollars. The Jugoslav societies are always ready to help any Serbian organizations who wish to establish themselves in farming, and many of the Jugoslav settlers in this country owe much to their assistance.

CHAPTER X

RUMANIAN SETTLERS

ACCORDING to the census of 1920 there are about one hundred and thirty-five thousand Rumanians in the United States. This figure, however, is based on the European situation before the World War. Rumania has meanwhile recovered Transylvania from the Hungarians and Bessarabia from the Russians, and the people from these two provinces living here, who were formerly considered Austro-Hungarians and Russians in the census, would, when added, bring the total number of Rumanians in this country to near a quarter of a million.

Rumania is largely agricultural and next to Russia produces more wheat and corn than any other European country. The whole land, which stretches from the banks of the Danube to beyond the Carpathian Mountains and up the Pruth River to the frontier of Poland, is largely given to agriculture and sheep-raising. Indeed, during the last thirty years the greater number of these people have on arriving in this country given their occupation as agriculture. Yet they too have fallen into that census category

which brings it out that not one tenth of the agriculturists from other countries remain in agriculture after they arrive here.

One finds Rumanians working in all the great industrial towns as well as in the mining-camps, in New York, in Pittsburg, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Paul. But after they have worked a number of years in the mines and shops, when the first novelty of a regular weekly pay-envelope has worn off, and they have had their taste of unemployment, strikes, and strifes, they long to go back to their former occupation, the soil; and if they do not return to their home country with the little money they have succeeded in saving, to set up again as farmers, bringing American methods to the banks of the Danube, they look around here for a farm. What really happens is that land-agents, many of whom speak the Rumanian tongue, are always around, and when the Rumanians have saved enough money, they are taken out here and there and shown farm-lands to be bought.

In the acquisition of this land, much more than the original cost-price is taken into consideration. One of the principal points is the resemblance of the position of the land and the similarity of climatic conditions to those of the part of Rumania from which the buyer happens to come. Therefore immigrants who formerly lived on the banks of the Danube are more apt to settle somewhere near a river than are those who came from mountainous regions. Where these

The Wallachian shepherds that have left their flocks and hills on the other side of a purpose to become merged in our melting-pot, the United States, who, in their pre-Roman costumes, are yet to be found making lovely our hills, tending our flocks

considerations are overlooked there is bound to be discontent and eventual abandonment of the farm.

The largest Rumanian settlements, although there are small settlements and individual ones all over the States, are in Ohio; all the way from Cleveland to Youngstown, around Canton, Alliance, and Wooster. Almost all of these farmers formerly worked in the mines and in the shops of Ohio. Roughly speaking there are about four hundred families of Rumanian farmers in that part of the country. Raising very large families, they are attempting to live their own old-world lives as much as possible. Indeed, one of the chief causes of discontent among them is that their farms are far apart from one another and not like those of their own country. In Rumania they live in small villages of twenty to a hundred homes, the farms lying farther out, an hour or two from the homes. They go to work every day, much like workmen to the factory. It is the small village that has always held the Rumanian farmer to his land; for on coming home from work each night, or while at home on the days when there was no work to be done in the field, he had company. The Rumanian peasant loves company, loves music, dancing, and is very fond of story-telling. He is not like the Nordic peoples, self-contained and happy in isolation.

In his own country, in his village, he had neighbors. His wife and children had their friends living in the immediate neighborhood, only a few hundred feet

apart from one another. They visited and helped one another. On winter nights they would sit together and tell stories and amuse themselves with dancing and play.

But in this country each farm is far apart from the others, and communication is not always practicable. Isolation palls on them more than anything else. The Rumanian farmers as a rule are very prosperous here, for they are born farmers and very progressive. Even in Rumania the use of advanced agricultural machinery and methods has been no novelty for many years. The Rumanians were, as a matter of fact, the first in southeastern Europe to use the iron plow, American mowing-machines, binders, threshers, and cream-separators.

They have, however, habits that are anything but sanitary. For instance, on the farms in Ohio, where modern conveniences had been installed by Germans and Americans who had formerly lived there, the Rumanians immediately set about to make the necessary changes, to make the farms look more homelike. The chicken-coop, the pigsty, and the stable were brought close to the house, with only a thin wall between the dining-room and the pigsty, another thin wall between the kitchen and the stable, and only a thin wall between the sleeping-quarters and the chicken-coop. Although the houses are exemplarily clean, the different odors that emanate from the animals and fowls pinch the nose almost to suffocation.

When I talked to Farmer Vasili about that and pointed out to him a neighboring farm that was free of all this, he raised his big, heavy shoulders, looked at me, and said, "That farm does not even smell like a farm."

"Here you feel that you are on a farm," he went on to say as he blew out his chest and looked with great satisfaction at his own establishment.

The children go to public school, which creates a continual discord between the parents and their children about the home language. The Rumanian peasant becomes angry when his child deliberately attempts to forget, or, really forgetting his own language, attempts to talk with his father and mother in English. They want their own language at home. A tragedy stares the older men and women in the face. The children grow apart from them because they can no longer talk the language of their parents and the parents cannot talk the language of the children.

Popa Vardan is called to help. He is a Rumanian priest, but he has cut off his long beard, trimmed his mustache, and abandoned his kaftan, which reached to his knees, as worn by all Rumanian priests. He has adopted American clothes in order to be able to approach the younger generation. They were formerly ashamed of him when he passed through the streets of Canton, and children of other denominations pointed to him derisively. I do not know to what extent he has won the confidence of the younger

ones, but he has lost the respect of all the older ones; they feel themselves lost without their former confidence in his spiritual advice. Their Popa looks like the land-agent and the groceryman.

On a visit to one of the settlements near Alliance a friend of mine directed me to a farm where he said Codrea "has struck it rich." I reached the farm, tired and hungry. It is situated on an elevation with the house on the slope of the hill. Codrea, tall, forty-five, bearded, dressed in his best clothes, greeted me effusively. He had indeed been waiting for me. The editor of the Rumanian paper in Cleveland had written him I was coming. It was toward evening. At my right a number of sheep with their lambs were grazing, moving slowly on the dark green slope as they descended. Bells tinkled softly as the leader advanced. A young girl with a staff in her hands was herding them closely.

I was admiring the beautiful pastoral picture when I suddenly heard a loud detonation coming from my left. Looking up, startled from my reverie, I saw a cloud of black smoke and dust in the near distance. I thought at first that they were blowing out stumps, still clearing land. Codrea, the farmer, watched me and then calmly said with great disgust marked on his weather-beaten face: "Coal, sir, coal! I have no luck. The land is full of coal. Coal seems to be my destiny here. I have been a miner, you know."

It turned out that after buying the farm Codrea and

his sons, drilling one day for water, struck coal. Indeed the whole hill was full of veins of coal ten and fourteen feet deep. That very year his son, working with two other men, had sold more than six thousand dollars' worth of coal from their own mine to the neighbors. But was Codrea happy? No! He refused to have anything to do with the mine, nor did he go near it. He was the most disappointed man in the whole neighborhood.

I talked to Codrea. "You would not have made six thousand dollars ready cash out of this part of the farm, or any other farm for that matter, in so short a time."

Codrea raised his shoulders and said to me, "You don't understand." He had tears in his eyes as he spoke. "I have worked for years in the Pennsylvania coal-mines. It is not coal that I wanted. I have had enough of coal for one lifetime. I have saved money to buy this farm, saving, stinting, because I wanted land—*land!* To raise corn, wheat, food. And I struck coal."

Of course he could sell the farm and go elsewhere, but his wife and his sons refused to sell; they were making too much money from it. Codrea was bitterly denouncing the laws which prevented him from selling the farm over his wife's head.

Meanwhile a number of other Rumanian farmers from the neighborhood were arriving in their automobiles and carriages for a festivity at Codrea's home

In Ohio, not picturesque Rumania, yet so replete with the old country romance as to cause a sadness in the hearts of those who have left the home places for this land of opportunity

that night. Codrea pointed at them. "They are happy. They grow corn."

The odor of broiled meat reached my nostrils. When I looked around I saw the wife of the farmer, another woman, and a man engaged in broiling whole young lambs upon hickory embers which had been burned down for that purpose. I sniffed the air pleasantly, but Codrea shook his head disapprovingly. "The flesh of these lambs, sir," he told me, "those lambs have the taste of coal. You know," he explained, "they feed upon the grass that grows over this coal, and that brings to their flesh a coaly taste."

But the people had arrived, and they were all joking and sniffing the air. Some of the men wore national garb. Soon a few Gipsies arrived. I wondered where they had come from and upon inquiry found that in almost all Rumanian settlements there are Rumanian Gipsies who originally came from the same region of Rumania that these peasants had come from; and now they were ready to play and sing their own airs for them. The Rumanian farmer who lives here considers the Gipsy his benefactor.

"What would we do here without them?" they exclaimed.

The Gipsies began to play as soon as they arrived. Slowly, imperceptibly at first, the men and the women began to turn around the huge fire on which the lambs were being broiled. Then the feet of the men gained momentum. The children stood apart laughing at

the antics of their parents, which seemed to them very much out of place, but soon they too were dragged into the dancing circle. They yelled and screamed with joy of well-being. While they danced they called to one another memories of their own homeland. The sun was setting behind the hills when the priest, who had joined the dance, called out:

"Leave off sadness. It is the same sun, the same sun, and the same moon as in our country."

"Thank you, father," they all called out, heartened by his remark, and they danced more vigorously. They sat down afterward around a long, narrow table fully set with earthen dishes that the peasants had brought from Rumania. The women were sitting a little apart, dressed in what they still had preserved of their national costumes, which they only wore on great occasions.

Codrea was very gay, as was everybody, but he suddenly pushed his plate of meat from in front of him. "The odor of coal," he said, and sat back unable to eat.

I have met single families of Rumanians in Michigan up near Glennie and others on the shores of Lake Huron. I have met with Rumanian farmers in Wisconsin only a few miles from Madison; truck-gardeners and nurserymen who after working for years on the Mesaba Range had torn themselves away from the depths of the earth to cultivate its surface. They are here, there, and everywhere, small groups.

No Rumanian peasant can stand away long from the handles of the plow. And as the years pass more and more leave the mines to go back to the soil.

But it was only when I reached Montana in the hills close by Helena that I had again the feeling of being in the hills of the Moldava, for there the Rumanian shepherds, clad as their ancestors have been since the days of the Romans, were blowing their soft *doinas,* soft and tragic *doinas* from the reed pipes, while the lambs and sheep, thousands of them, were pasturing on the incline. Upon inquiry I found that there were hundreds of Rumanian shepherds all through the hills, some of them grazing their own sheep, a good many of them engaged as shepherds for others; for they are considered the best sheepmen in the world.

The neighbors of the Rumanian settlements everywhere are very friendly to them. And the Rumanians have nothing but praise for their neighbors whether they be Norwegians, Swedes, or Germans. They are themselves respected because they are good farmers and also because they send their children to school, which is not always the case with other farm settlements. It hurts them to see their children draw away from them as they acquire another language and other customs, yet they would not think of keeping them away from the schools; they are anxious to give their children the best the country offers.

Undoubtedly the next generations will be more or

less completely Americanized, but when they are, will they stay on the farm? So far I have not come upon a single native-born of Rumanian parentage on a farm.

In all there are about fifteen hundred farms operated or owned by Rumanians, with a total of about one hundred and fifty thousand cultivated acreage. It is almost double what it was ten years ago, although there has been no immigration to speak of. As the years pass, more and more abandon alien occupations and go back to the land.

The Rumanians are great wheat-growers, and the groups settled in North Dakota, near Jamestown and near Dickinson, are growing fast. The Rumanians are also very good shepherds, and more and more return to their erstwhile occupation. They are a great asset to the country; and, although a new element, the younger ones assimilate and adapt themselves very easily, since education has been obligatory in their homeland for many decades. Where they break in new land in groups they attempt to reproduce their villages instead of living each upon his farm. For their happiness' sake it seems to me the best plan. In any attempt at colonization the village life of the peasant should be taken into consideration.

I have found remains of Rumanian settlements in southern California, near the Mojave Desert—an abandoned church, a few houses, an outdoor bread-oven. They had done well there, but the climate was

not in their favor. Many are now clearing land in Michigan along the lake. They have bought it cheap. It is hardwood land and will be very fertile. Little huts in which they will live during the winter are already going up. They are a group of twenty families, a hundred souls in all. They have bought the land and intend to cultivate it coöperatively.

They have set aside a large tract for the village. Most of them have already been on farms here, which they intend to leave only because the homes were too far apart from one another.

Another such village is now going up on Long Island, near Corona, a stone's throw from the Mount Zion Cemetery. Another one is to go up near Fresno in California. It seems to me that while the Americanization of the people living in national groups will be slower, it will proceed to better advantage; for it will keep the children on the farms instead of letting them loose on unsteady feet in mining-towns and industrial centers, where, in their bewilderment and living among strangers, they become burdens instead of assets to the country.

Where the farm-houses have been isolated, the first generations have gone to town for the amusements of youth and the farms have been abandoned. It is why there are so few native farmers of southeastern-European-born parents.

CHAPTER XI

DUTCH FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

TO recount the history of the immigration of the Dutch into this country would be to recount the history of the country itself, a job the public schools of the country have already done sufficiently well for everyone to know what has happened.

A glance at the map of the United States, with only a half-careful perusal of the names of the cities, villages, and rivers, will show how deeply and widespread the mark of the Dutch settlers who have come here ever since the discovery of the continent has imprinted itself on the soul and body of the country.

The Dutch are, in a general way, a very slow people to accept the methods, religions, and ways of other people. By their own stolidity, their perseverance, and their quality of working out their lives one day at a time, they somewhat succeed in remaking the people among whom they happen to be into their own shape and understanding. New York, which was once New Amsterdam, would bear witness to this, for no matter how long since the Dutch have lost control and power over the fate and development of the city, and no matter how many nations have succeeded in great waves

one after the other, sweeping over the metropolis like tempests of flesh and bone, when the calm came the Dutch imprint was always still there. And to-day, with all the hundreds of sky-scrapers, the tone of the city is still that of Dutch architecture. New York is still largely a Dutch city.

Indeed, all along the Hudson River on both sides the imprint is so strongly Dutch that one expects at any moment from the corners of the streets the wide hoops and wooden shoes and the clatter of them going down the terraced roads from the Palisades or from Spuyten Duyvil.

A considerable portion of New Jersey is still strongly impregnated with the Dutch feeling and sense of things.

They were the first to settle Connecticut and Delaware. And it is no idle boast of the Dutch to claim Pennsylvania as their own State even though Penn was its founder, for Pennsylvania Dutch is as current a language in parts of Pennsylvania to-day as it was a hundred or two hundred years ago. The Quakers are still a considerable force.

It is the Dutch who brought with them the first folk-lore which took root here. It is they who have endowed the Hudson River with the glamour of the supernatural and with elfin lore until the Hudson has become one of the most mysterious and poetic waterways in America. It is they who have introduced sleighing and skating, the Hallowe'en festivities we

Not the Zuyder Zee but the lakes and rivers of America. As the water about and through Holland has supplied their livelihood for so many centuries, so are the Dutch emigrants in this country to be found near this same familiar source

now have, masks, New Year and Easter customs. Not only have they introduced them but they have held to these old customs of their own country so steadfastly that they and their customs have become part of the country. The American Santa Claus is derived from the Dutch Sant Nikolaas.

The Dutch were also responsible for our first alliances with the Indians, the Iroquois alliance being the first league of peace with the red men, to which the English later succeeded, and which to this day has been more or less kept. With the social and religious tolerance which they brought with them from Holland, and a greater degree of cosmopolitanism than the English possessed, they have contributed largely to the idea of European immigrants that this was a haven of liberty and independence. The reputation of Dutch tolerance brought millions of immigrants here in the early stages of the settlement of the country.

It should not be forgotten that the present-day position of women in the United States is also connected with the economic, legal, and social position of the women in New Amsterdam, where they were on absolute equality with the men.

As early as 1638 the Dutch of New Amsterdam, in establishing the first free elementary school here, laid the foundation of the American public school system; for it was an original Dutch idea that all children, regardless of wealth and position, deserved, and were therefore to be obliged to receive, a certain amount of

schooling. And the Dutch saw to it that the children of even those days should receive it.

The limited cultivable area of Holland has been mainly responsible for the intensive farming practised there. A good deal of the cultivated land in Holland has been reclaimed from the marshes and the sea by dikes of a peculiar construction. The farmers of Holland have always had to struggle to retain this land, which was in continual danger of returning to the sea. In their struggle with the water the Dutch have developed no great love for the land, but rather a sort of fighting tenacity which alone made it possible to continue their struggles from year to year, nay, from day to day. It was not a question of buying more and more land but of reclaiming from the sea and from marshes more and more land for development, and also of retaining what one already had reclaimed. The Dutch raised crops where they could have fished had they so wanted.

One would have expected, therefore, when the Dutch came to this country, finding broad and fertile lands which needed no reclamation, that they would immediately seize upon them and cultivate them. But so strong is the force of habit with the Dutch that they seem to have taken the greatest pains to seek out marshlands upon which to settle.

Professor Shepherd of the North Dakota University in Fargo told me of an experiment he had made with a group of Dutch farmers whom he had settled upon

the North Dakota Bad Lands. Everything was laid out in such a way that the farmers, whoever they be, could not help but succeed. But much to his surprise the Dutch settlers slipped back year after year. Things did n't seem to thrive under them.

Had they been of any other nationality, of whose tenacity and steadfastness this country has had no proof, the failure would not have grieved the professor so much. He would have attributed it to the inability or unadaptability of the new settlers. But as it was, such an explanation could not be made.

Finally the day came when from a group of sixty or seventy only a few had remained, and those held on in the most precarious way. And then, in a discussion with another professor of agriculture, himself of Dutch origin, Professor Shepherd discovered the reason for the failure.

"The reason they have failed," argued Professor Shepherd's colleague, "was because the land was too good. Rolling plains for Dutchmen!" he said. "Why, I knew from the very beginning they were going to fail. You should have settled them upon marshland in which they would have to dig ditches, standing knee-deep in the soft mud, and you would have seen them thrive."

One can easily see how this theory is a just one. Mountain people succeed in mountain land, plains people on plains; marsh people succeed in marshes. No matter in what part of the globe the land happens

to be, climatic condition and the nature of the soil has to be repeated. It is not enough that the land should be of good quality, but the farmer must be from a stock which has already worked on similar land under similar conditions. Apparently there does not seem to be any reason for this, but farmers in general are a very stolid and traditional people.

On the New York farms, the "bouweries" which were lying half sunken on both sides of the East River, the Jersey farms along the Raritan, and the marshes of lower New Jersey, the sunken lands along Michigan River and Saginaw Bay, or at Muskegon along Lake Michigan, at Sheboygan and the channel of Lake Huron, on the Pacific, or in the marshes of Louisiana, Hollanders have been successful as farmers, especially as truck-gardeners. Groups of them are to be found everywhere along the lakes and waterways of the country. And though they have been here as early as any other settler, if not earlier, shaping the minds, tolerating all the other people about them and living with them in great friendship, they have in reality impressed the others with their personalities and customs.

In Muskegon and Bay City, at New Salem and Holland, in Jersey and in Delaware, wherever they are I have found that the merchants found it to their advantage to learn Dutch if they in any way wanted to do commerce with them. Belgians who had come here and established themselves in the neighborhood

of Bay City in Michigan, and Frenchmen living there, spoke a Dutch that was much better than their English. And yet I doubt whether the country has any better citizens than the Dutch are. Instead of adopting the customs and habits of others they impress their own upon other people, and later, when their children or grandchildren grow up, they take them back and accept them as if they were American customs and not of Dutch origin.

Perhaps the most typical Dutch settlement in the country, which still conserves in an unalloyed way the Dutch atmosphere, is the little village of Essexville, in Michigan. The kernel, the inside of the village, is inhabited by Belgians and Frenchmen. But the outside of it is all settled by Dutch, who according to the history of Bay County have been there since early in 1840. They are all along the Sable River, the Vaneten Lake, along the beach close to Lake Huron.

From the windows of the farm-houses one can see the beautifully painted ships on the lake. It is the sight of these ships as well as the marshlands which makes the Dutchman live where he lives. Nowhere else is the climate and the landscape as much like Holland as in that part of Michigan.

On passing through the streets from Bay City to Essexville one sees curious types. A number of Mennonites, or, as the people in the neighborhood call them, "hook and eye people," for their religion forbids them to have buttons—bearded people in black

dress, and the women in wide Dutch blue cloth, narrowly shaped at the neck and the wrists—pass back and forth with a seriousness and pompousness that recalls to one another century and another country. They live in the vicinity of the Dutch because they are tolerated. Whether the tolerance is based on indifference or on something deeper does not matter; the results are the same.

And upon the farms, when the Dutch farmers are not busy in the beet-fields, they are in the small, wide-bottomed, gaily painted boats with their nets. The farmer's wagon is there ready to receive the catch. The next load of the truck will be beets for the refinery. Ultimately one does not know whether these are fishermen who combine their craft with farming or farmers who are also fishermen. Hardly a house where a net is not hanging out to dry, or where the young, gawky, lanky, golden-haired girls are not busily mending the fishing-implements.

Very few of these Dutch farmers have taken to the more modern vehicles. Automobiles are indeed a rarity, though Detroit is not far away. And one is pleasantly surprised to hear the clank of the hammer upon the anvil in the several blacksmith shops, as one gets into the village.

A number of Batavians from the Dutch-Indian colonies have come to settle near their national masters, and it seemed to me they performed there much the same service that the negroes perform elsewhere.

There is a huge sugar-mill which works about ninety days in the year. In that sugar-mill all the Dutch farmers and their sons and daughters are working, while their own beets raised on the field are being transformed into the sweet stuff.

Father De Klan, the priest whom I visited for more information about the people living there, was not so anxious to give information as other men of his calling I have met. He did not say so, but I could see that he resented my prying into the lives of his people. My explanations that my inquiries were of a peaceful nature and not in any way commercial, for I had nothing to sell—neither phonographs nor radios, which he seemed to hold in great abhorrence—did not make him in any way more communicative. And another priest was deploring the inroads of modern life upon Essexville. Some of his congregation had bought Fords, and others were spending their time listening to radio-sets instead of diligently mending nets or meditating upon the weather. Time not employed in money-producing work is considered time wasted by the Dutchman.

"They dance too much nowadays," he confided to me. "That is all right for city people, but farmers should not dance."

It made me think of the gaiety and jollity of my Italian friends. There the thought was the very opposite, that farmers should dance and should have gaiety. But then the Italians also lived in the sunnier

Were one to happen through a village in this country along some inland waterfront where the Dutch emigrants have settled, one would seem to have suddenly transported to Holland, were it not for slight discrepancies which show that the process of assimilation is here at work to enrich our citizenry

parts of the country. Laughter and sunshine are a pair.

It was my good fortune later on to meet Mrs. Van Tole, the wife of a retired farmer living not far from the church. She came out to greet me, a picture of the old peasant woman of Holland. Behind her trailed a sour-looking old man, cramped and tightened up by rheumatism; for most of the men of the village suffer from rheumatism because of the wetness and because they are so much in the mud and in ditches while farming and fishing. Another old gentleman, as typical of Holland as the first one, with coat upon coat buttoned tightly at the neck, although it was warm enough to walk around in shirt-sleeves, greeted me in Dutch. At my explanation that I was not very familiar with the language, the two men ceased talking, but Mrs. Van Tole continued to entertain me in a mixture of English, Dutch, German, and French.

We had a lovely chat sitting on her porch. She knew everybody in the village and remembered when each of the children had been born and who had been at the christening, when and where some one got married and with whom. It turned out that most of the children of the older settlers have remained in Essexville, expanding, reclaiming more land from the marshes, intensifying the culture. There was a whole street back of the church occupied by retired farmers, their sons having built elsewhere for their families.

"But when did you come here, Mrs. Van Tole?" I asked.

"I came here that high," she explained, pointing to her ankles. "My father, he first settler here maybe. But when he came he already found other Dutchmen. They come here with boats, and they like the place, and they bring wives and no more go back with the boat and stay here. And then my father he call his wife, and then I come."

That must have been some time in the early sixties, for though still very vigorous Mrs. Van Tole was certainly not much younger than seventy.

"How is it you have not learned any English?" I asked, meanwhile smiling at my impertinent inquiry.

"Three my sons they go to war here, and one of them go to war with Spain many years ago. And I know English best than any people," she answered petulantly.

And then I turned around, intending to have some conversation with her husband in spite of his inability to speak English. But Mrs. Van Tole interposed herself while the gentleman looked at her appealingly for help.

"He no talk English *ein wort,* because he only forty years in this country."

"And how do you like this country?" I asked Mrs. Van Tole.

She looked upon the low-lying beet-field back of her house. The luxurious leaves sticking up out of the

globes growing out of the ground, the tendrils red and bluish, were like a dream of plenty. She hesitated for a few seconds and then turned around with great resolution.

"Pretty well. Pretty well. Beets grow well in this country."

It was by that she judged the quality of the country. She liked the country because beets grow well here. It is what she has come here for. The land of plenty!

The same feeling was voiced later on by many another Dutch farmer, though in other words.

It is only the youngsters below fourteen or fifteen who can speak English. But even among them, when I inquired of their interest in such things as baseball and football which were the rage elsewhere, I found no response. They wanted to be farmers, were eager for the day when they could call a piece of land their own, raise beets, own a boat and nets, go to work in the factory every year for three months, and do as their parents did.

"I like sleighing," one answered.

"I like skating," another one said.

And the boys to whom I tried to read the "Bay City Times-Tribune," which contained a long, detailed report of major-league ball-games just then playing, looked upon the scores without understanding what they meant.

"Throwing balls is stupid, waste of time."

We talked about the history of the country, but they

knew a great deal more about Rip Van Winkle and were inordinately proud of their own ancestry. There was very little interplay between the Dutch children and the Belgian children, although they lived close to one another, and this because of the Dutch attitude of superiority. And one boy told me with great pride, "The Belgians they must talk Dutch, and they talk Dutch so funny."

"And would you marry a Belgian girl if you loved her?"

"How could I love one?" he replied. "I do not like them."

And with that Dutch stolidity which refuses to be questioned he walked away from me after a suspicious look, as if I had made an attempt to marry him against his will—with an inferior mate.

It is estimated that there are about fifty thousand farms operated by people of Dutch origin in this country. But they only own small farms, mostly. The Dutch farmer is not as willing to enter coöperative movements as the Scandinavians or the Finns or the Italians. They are highly individualistic, and though they live in villages there is little neighborliness among them, except such as their religious fraternities and their festivities inveigle them into.

Only very few Dutch have settled in the wheat and corn belts of the country. Beets and vegetables seem to be their forte, with dairying as a next best industry. Because of that they have settled nearest the large

towns, to market their own produce to the best advantage and get all they can out of the necessarily small acreages. A good many of the best nurseries in the country are in the hands of people of Dutch origin.

There has not been any large Dutch immigration into this country in the last twenty years; it is why they are less conspicuous than other immigrants.

CHAPTER XII

THE GERMAN SETTLERS IN THE UNITED STATES

NEXT to the Italians the Germans are climatically the most adaptable people on earth. Physically they can adapt themselves to almost any climatic condition. Outwardly they can adapt themselves to any tendency. Quiet, temperate, and phlegmatic, they can live with any people without in the least losing their individuality.

Thus in the Old World there are Germans living in Spain. In Madrid most of the business houses are German. The Germans have a strong foothold in England. They are ruling the commerce of Italy. Commercially and politically they governed Russia until the recent upheaval. In southeastern Europe, in the Balkans, before the war, commerce was practically in their hands. And only a short time after the war of 1870 in which they defeated the French, they had covered commercially the whole of France, braving all the suspicion and insults of the defeated people —and succeeding.

German commercial travelers and German settlers can be found anywhere on the globe, thriving fully as

well as the natives do, and physically adapting themselves so well to the lives of the natives that they suffer least from difference and change of climate, whether it be the rigorous cold of the north or the intemperate heat of the extreme east and south. They also marry into any nation, any race. They mix and mingle with the natives of any country.

There are German farm settlements in the marshlands of the Dobrudja, German farm settlements in Bulgaria, German farm settlements in Palestine, German farm settlements in Russia and Scandinavia, Australia, and Africa. Everywhere one sets his foot on the ground one is certain to come upon a German group somewhere.

And everything they do is premeditated, studied carefully. The groups grow if there happens to be any particular advantage in growing, or disappear as suddenly as they have been settled if it is not advantageous.

For years and years it has been part of the German consular agent's business everywhere to give detailed accounts of the possibilities for commerce and settlement in the part of the world he happened to be located.

There were not many German settlers in this country in the early part of the seventeenth century. But toward its end, in 1683, a systematic German immigration was begun. In the autumn of that year a party of Mennonites, the "hook-and-eye people" now

living all over the country, came from the German city of Crefeld, and landed near Philadelphia upon land owned by William Penn, upon whose invitation they had come. Some time later they founded Germantown, six miles above Philadelphia.

Shortly afterward, in successive waves of considerable numbers, they came one after the other and settled in all parts of Pennsylvania. At the time of the Revolution one third of the population of Pennsylvania was of German birth or descent. Soon mixing with the Dutch that lived there, they formed a practically new language, more or less a mixture or corruption of the two, which is known to-day as Pennsylvania Dutch.

Twenty-five years after the Revolution there was another big German immigration into this country. But this time the settlers went north of the State of New York, where they founded Newburgh, the New City, on the Hudson.

Washington's bodyguard was made up largely of Germans, whom he considered the most faithful and the bravest of soldiers. It was a German general, Nicolas Herkimer, who at Oriskany "reversed the Gloomy scene of the Northern campaign," as Washington put it.

Baron von Steuben, a German military organizer, was responsible for the maintenance of the supplies of the American Army.

At the outbreak of the War of Independence there

were about a quarter of a million people of German birth and descent in this country.

Between 1820 and 1919 there arrived in this country five and a half million immigrants from Germany. There were years in which they arrived by the hundreds of thousands. In 1854 two hundred and fifteen thousand came here, in 1882 two hundred and fifty thousand.

The organizations set up here to receive them had their hands full in distributing them over the country. Had the Germans not been so adaptable climatically, their settlement would have been indeed a tremendous difficulty, and many would have returned as fast as they came. For they could not possibly have lived in one group without overcrowding or without oversupplying any demand they could have created. It is German organization, and the readiness with which Germans submit to organized rule, that were responsible for the success of German immigration into this country.

Then suddenly, about thirty years ago, after Germany had preëmpted its surplus population, immigration dwindled to only a fraction of what it had originally been. Lately, however, German immigration has increased again. In 1923-24 some sixty-eight thousand immigrants arrived.

In 1920 there were a million seven hundred thousand German-born people in the United States, some evenly distributed among the States of New York,

Illinois, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Ohio, New Jersey, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Texas, California, Missouri, and Nebraska. It is estimated that there are now about eighteen million people of German birth, origin, or descent in the country.

Very much like the Italians, who are blood-kin to the Teutons, the Germans readily intermarry with other nationalities. One out of every six people in this country has German blood in his veins.

Fifty per cent of the foreign-born farmers in the United States are German-speaking immigrants. And whether they be arrived yesterday, last year, or forty years ago, or if they be natives of this country of German parents, they still speak German, they still adhere to German customs, they still feel a great love and devotion for the Fatherland, as if they had not been forced or compelled to leave it because of unstable conditions there, or because of persecution, poverty, or dissatisfaction.

It is true that the Germans have contributed largely to the cultural development of this country. Music and music-making have largely been imported by them. The better German music easily supplanted the Italian which had taken root in the early history of the country. The theater has been largely developed by the Germans. Their *Gesangsvereine* and *Turnvereine,* organizations which are interlocked and federated and which have spread all over the country wherever there are groups of Germans, have done much to mold what-

ever of song and music and athletics there is in this country.

The colleges and high schools, as well as a good many of the public schools, were originally formed after German patterns, with teachers who were imported from Germany or who had come here after the 1848 revolution had shaken Europe. All that intellectual, freedom-loving element which had landed in this country had also helped to democratize it. Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel were only two of the great outstanding names. One could count by the dozens men of German origin who have helped to make the country.

As compulsory education had existed in Germany long before it had come into many of the other European countries, these were also the most literate people who came here.

Forty years after they founded Germantown they started a newspaper. In 1760 there were five German papers in Pennsylvania. One of the oldest existing papers in this country is a German-language one. It has appeared uninterruptedly for the last hundred and fifteen years. At the end of the nineteenth century there were eight hundred German-language papers in this country.

There are trades almost entirely in the hands of Germans. Bakers. Butchers. Musical instrument workers. Lithographers. Metal and textile workers.

Until recently the building-trades in all ramifications were in the hands of German-speaking people.

Were one to forget, upon entering certain regions of Wisconsin or Minnesota or Iowa, that one is in the United States, one could easily imagine himself in Germany. Not only because of the language one hears most frequently on the streets and in public places, not only because of the particular forms and the color of the hair and eyes, but because every farm owned by a German or by a man of German descent has that spick and span military appearance that is German. For everything on every German farm is especially designed and intended for a specific purpose, well ordered as if some really expert efficiency man was at the head of it.

It is idle now to recall German love of orderliness and efficiency and organization. But the increase in the yearly yield of wheat and corn is largely due to German immigrants. In Minnesota and Wisconsin they have cleared hundreds of thousands of acres of cut-over land. Large wheat-growing farms are now where only yesterday the poplar and the birch throve. Fifty years ago there were only five million acres of arable land in Minnesota. To-day there are twenty-six million. The German settlers have done their share along with the rest of the population.

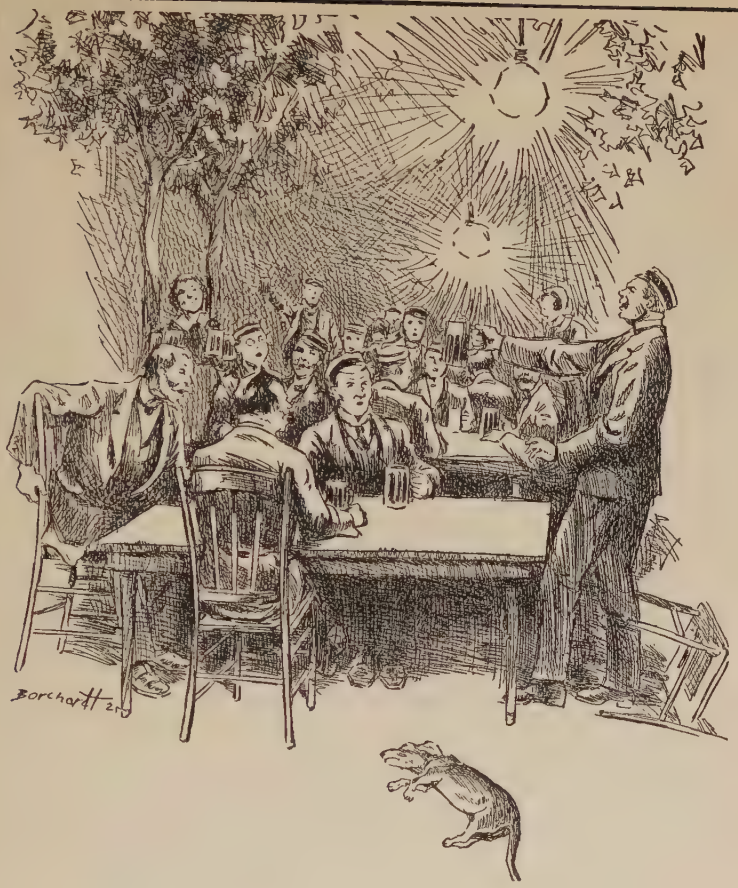
A typical example of their systematic, steady work would be the story of Grimm alfalfa. Some thirty

years ago a German immigrant by the name of Grimm brought a little bag of alfalfa-seed with him to this country. It had never before been raised here. He seeded it on a little plot of ground in Minnesota. It was killed by the early frosts, but not all of it. So Grimm seeded another plot of ground from what had survived the frost, and reseeded again and again, year after year, until he obtained through the survival of the fittest the seed of an alfalfa that could not be killed by the frost. To-day there is enough of Grimm alfalfa seed for tens of thousands of acres. There is a Grimm Alfalfa Association, which sells certified seed. It is a great boon to the country, and, by increasing the value and permanency of food, it has increased the production of milk and butter-fats.

It is asserted that the Germans have done similar work for the cultivation of corn in warmer and colder regions than those in which corn had formerly been raised. The large herds of Holstein cows in this country and the breeding of pure-bred stock, with the benefits that are bound to accrue to the farmer, are also of German origin.

In California and in Arizona the Germans have been the first to succeed in the growing of dates. The cultivation and development of flax is also a particular German farm industry.

Because of the many German cultural organizations, as well as because of the many amusement and entertainment societies which are always to be found



In the hearts of older German settlers or in German groups everywhere a real patriotism for the Fatherland still exists, as prove the Gesangvereine and Turnvereine so dear to them.

wherever Germans are, whether it be on the flat plains of Dakota, the cold upper regions of Minnesota, the middle of Wisconsin, the fields of Pennsylvania, or the desert land of California, the numerous *Turnvereine* and *Gesangsvereine* have been responsible for keeping the German youth on the farm.

Other people who have lived near them have not been so successful in that regard. The German young man or young girl is more apt to have a complete life within the home than the son or daughter of any other farmer. It is true with German settlers everywhere that *ubi bene ibi patria,* "where it is well, there is my country"; it is part of their creed. It is also true that when a German settles where he can earn his livelihood and raise his children, he stays there, lives there, after his own fashion, it is true, but he stays and grows with the land of his adoption. No man working land can earn a livelihood without enriching the rest of the country. The farmer is the creator of 80 per cent of the wealth of the country.

In Hanover, in Wisconsin, in Ableman or in Steuben, along the Mississippi, as well as in Frederic and Winter, I found many a German farmer born in this country who could not answer any question intelligibly in English and yet was well versed in German literature. The same thing applied to Iowa and Nebraska and to many another place. What they had learned about this country they had learned in their own language. The German settlements about them were

so thick that their desire for neighborliness and friendship was easily satisfied by intercommunication.

The last European war did a good deal to strengthen the German feeling, isolating the German element from its neighbors at the time when the gates had been lowered and an assimilation and melting had begun to work for homogeneity. Our participation in the war, in which we helped destroy the kaiser's dream of domination over the rest of the world, has never been forgiven and will perhaps never be forgiven by the Germans in this country. The romantic figure of the kaiser dominated and still dominates their imaginations. And if a good many pictures of him came down from the walls during the war they have since been replaced. "Die Wacht am Rheim" and "Hoch der Kaiser" are again sung boisterously. Even those who lost their life savings by buying worthless marks, in the hope of both helping their Fatherland and reaping fortunes, and who have been despoiled of all they had earned, have outgrown their anger and disappointment.

It was Fred Charles of the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," one of the most charming men I have met, who first told me about the Amish people, a German religious sect, living in Ohio near Wooster. There are in this country several tens of thousands of them.

A primitive Christian sect, it was found by Jacob Amen some seventy or eighty years ago, and they im-

migrated into this country, first settling in Pennsylvania and then going to Ohio, Wisconsin, Utah, and California.

The paved road ends at Apple Creek about four miles southeast of Wooster. The heart of the Amish settlement is in Paint Township, Ohio. It would be quite impossible to make that trip by automobile, the roads are so bad and muddy. There seems to be no effort made for better road conditions.

What strikes one as soon as he reaches the heart of the Amish settlement is the contrast in neatness of the work between the fields of the Amish settlers and those of their neighbors of other nationalities. There is a second sharp contrast between the neatness and occasional display of decorativeness of the houses of the people of other nationalities and the plain severity, bordering upon ugliness, of the houses of the German settlers. The Germans have been there for many, many years. Many of the oldest men and women were born in this country. And though their habits are queer, according to the judgment of their neighbors, they are nevertheless highly esteemed because they are good and prosperous farmers.

The Amish men cut their hair square, shave their upper lips, but wear long beards without ever trimming them. They refuse to use any modern machinery, refuse to have telephones or automobiles, will not read newspapers, and have absolutely no respect for any of the modern conveniences. When an

Amish farmer buys a ready-made house, he first tears out the lightning-rods. Lightning-rods are a denial of God's righteousness, in the Amish estimation.

Like the Mennonites, the Amish wear no buttons on their coats. Their homes are extremely bare and simple, with no pictures on the walls, no carpets on the floor, no curtains on the windows. Outside, the appearance of their homes is of the barest, for they permit nothing that might decorate the house, even to an extra bit of coping of a sill at the bottom of the windows.

Their clothing is of the simplest kind. Like the Mennonites, their wives also wear the simplest clothes and are all illiterate, little more than beasts of burden.

The Amish have no church of their own but conduct silent services every Sunday in some one's barn which happens to be larger than the others.

Their minister, who is called a bishop, is elected every year in a peculiar way. The names of the eligible males of the community are put between the leaves of a German Bible. The Bible is opened at random, and he whose name happens to be between the leaves is the bishop. It very frequently happens that the religious leader is a most illiterate man. The present leader in one community can only look at the Gothic letters of the German printed Bible which he holds near him. That is about all he can do except repeat a few phrases which he has learned by heart, hearing them from the lips of other bishops.

There are from eight hundred to a thousand people living in the Wooster neighborhood, and they are in a continual uproar; for it is against their religious principles that children should go to school and learn all those *nichts,* nothings, that are taught in schools. Although even the parents of most of them are born in this country, 70 per cent of their English is German. Because of educational laws many of the Amish people of the neighborhood and of other neighborhoods have left for Mexico, where they hope to be given freedom. "What is freedom," asked one of the Amish men, "if you must send your *Kinder* to school?"

As soon as an Amish man buys a home, if he does not build one himself, he proceeds to dismantle it of every unnecessary thing, of any bit of decoration, tearing off even the extra moldings from the windows and doors, and whatever happens to look decorative on the ceiling, without, however, replacing them or patching the house up. A front porch, however, will not be torn down because it can be made to serve partly as a root-house and partly as a coal- or wood-bin; and in one place they had even used part of the rear porch as a chicken-coop.

I had a little chat with one of the youngsters, a young man of about eighteen or nineteen, who seemed brighter than the others. He had gone to school in Wooster. I questioned him about the non-resistance theory.

"And suppose some one should slap your face?" I questioned.

"Don't talk about me. Give an example about another man."

"Well, suppose some one should slap some Amish man's face?" I repeated the question.

"Nun," he answered, "the face would be slapped."

"But would not the man return the blow?"

"Nein."

"And suppose the man hit the other man's wife, would not the husband spring to his wife's defense?"

"Nein," he answered, "he will have *Mitleid,* pity, with the man who has sinned."

"And suppose I should borrow money from one of the Amish people and not return it to him, would n't he go to court?"

"Nein," he answered again. But with a broad smile he added, "Have you ever tried to *borg' Gelt* from an Amish man?"

I admitted that I had not.

I looked about and suddenly asked him: "I see you have no locks on the doors of your homes or on your stables. Suppose a man should come and take your horses. Would you let him?"

"If he needs the horses more than the other man, let him take them."

"And who is to establish whether he needs them more?" I again asked.

"Well, if he comes and takes them from another man's stable he needs them, *nein?*"

"Have many horses been taken like that?" I questioned.

"No," he answered.

"How come?" I asked.

"Well," the young Amish answered, "the door of the barn is so arranged in my place that if some one wants to get into it at night something just falls by itself from the top, a few beams, heavy. They just fall," he repeated again with a sly wink in his eye.

Which recalled to me another way the Amish people have of getting about the law. One of their men in a burst of progressiveness actually installed a telephone in his home, after his farmer friends of other nationalities had refused to allow him to use theirs.

The Amish bishop and the other folks got together and sat in judgment. After a long discussion they came to a conclusion and issued an order that the man should take the telephone out of his house. The recreant complied with the letter of the law and placed the telephone in the yard, underneath a tree.

Though people speak of them with a smile, there is absolutely no animosity among the other farmers toward the Amish people. And some even expressed regret upon hearing that they were about to leave the country. The regret was chiefly caused by admiration of their perseverance and hard work, and also because although they, the Amish men, Hans and

To our youngsters the Amish Germans are forever a source of mystery with their phlegmatic aloofness and the old costume that has no buttons

Emil and Anton and Jacob, were not of their kind, they never proselyted, never spoke about their religion, never moralized to others about theirs, and are very good helpers and neighbors. They readily exchange work with the other farmers.

"And one day of theirs is worth three of some other people's."

But already a new spirit has begun to make itself felt among them. The youngsters are going to school, and some of them absolutely refused to follow their parents during the exodus caused by compulsory education. The youngsters go to school not because they love school but because they refuse to be different from the other boys. I have seen them look on enviously at baseball games around the school. Games are *verboten* by the Amish religion. All amusement is *verboten*. Work. Food. Bed. Meditation. It is the law. They go to bed at sunset. Hardly a house that has a kerosene lamp.

It is true the boys kept apart, but there was a flame in many a boy's quiet eye as he watched the game. A Polish boy leaned over and told me confidentially:

"Gee, it 's hard on them kids! But Jacob there has already organized a baseball team of his own, and they practise secretly on the other side of the woods where their fathers do not see them."

The Amish people were recognized by the Government during the war as a non-resistant religious sect and therefore excused from military service. But

two young men from the neighborhood of Wooster volunteered. I was told that they were ostracized by the rest of the population.

"Because they fought against Germany?" I inquired.

"Nein," I was answered. "But because they fought at all."

The groups of Germans living in Texas, beginning with the immediate neighborhood of San Antonio, are now largely permitting themselves to be absorbed by the other populations living in their immediate vicinity. Already there has been considerable intermarriage with the Italians. Many of those German communities are actually proud of the rolls of honor in the city halls. It struck me that because they lived in small groups in the immediate vicinity of other populations they were the best absorbed of the German settlements in the country.

CHAPTER XIII

THE JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES

THERE are three million Jews in the United States. Half that number, or a little more, live in New York City. This is the largest unit group in the metropolis. There is hardly a profession, a trade, that has not got its quota of the children of Israel. There is hardly an activity, social, political, or economic, in which they do not partake. In New York they are of the oldest settlers, and while they do not assert that they are *the* first inhabitants that have come here, there is good basis for their assertion that Christopher Columbus was himself one of their blood, and that there were others, on his boat, of Hebraic origin. And another assertion is that the money used to fit out the boats with which America was discovered was money obtained from the Jews.

To say that the Jews are living in Ghettos in New York becomes less and less true as time goes by and their numbers increase. A million and a half Jews living in a Ghetto would occupy one third of Greater New York. And though it is true that they live everywhere in centered groups it is not so much because they desire to keep together as because there

is a tendency to keep apart from other groups. And then, like other nationalities and religions, they are anxious to be within the range of their church activities.

For centuries and centuries the Jews were reproached with avoiding trades and handicrafts and devoting themselves exclusively to the gathering of money. This may or may not have been true in many of the European countries, but if it was true the reason is to be found not in the Jew's rapacity for money but in the fact that other forms of property were not safe for him. Insecure as he was in most countries of Europe, the ownership of landed property, houses, or ships would have been foolish. The Jew is the freest spender of money, the most reckless speculator. He takes the longest chance on most things and almost always lives on the edge of his means, not beyond. It is easy to leave, when one is ordered to leave, with whatever one has in his pocket, when everything is so fluid that it can be turned into gold on short notice. But one cannot take acres of land on his back, houses, or ships, and join the procession. In this country, in proportion to population, the Jews have the greatest number of owners of landed property. Most of the Jewish money is invested in land, in brick and stone.

Most of the Jewish energy when it first arrives here is directed into handicrafts and trades. The needle industry, which is practically in control of the

Jews, both the working end and the business end of it, has been developed by them.

According to Dr. Louis Levine's book on the garment-workers, there were 188 establishments engaged in the women's clothing industry in 1859, with a little more than 5000 working men and women. By 1919, sixty years later, there were 7711 establishments, with 165,649 wage-earners. In 1859, before the women's clothing industry in the United States had passed into the hands of the Jews, the capital invested in it was $1,432,000. By 1919 the capital had risen to $390,527,000. The wages paid in that year were $195,296,000. The selling-value of the product had risen from $7,000,000 in 1859 to $1,208,543,000.

And not only have the Jews developed this industry in point of commerce, but by their ability and expertness they have reduced the cost of production to a minimum and greatly encouraged the production of the raw material for the trade, which has never been, and is not, in their hands. On the other hand, the workers in this industry, as an illustration of a good many other industries in which the Jews have more or less a controlling hand, have obtained better working conditions than exists in any trade in the United States where Jews are not employed in large numbers. These conditions were won by peaceful means and by strikes at the cost of untold hardships of thousands and thousands of men during months and months of idleness. It is they who not only ob-

tained the forty-eight-hour week but even reduced that to forty-four hours so as to give themselves more leisure, more time to be with their families and to supervise the education of their children. I venture to say that of the younger and more intelligent element of this country in the professions and in the arts, you will find a greater proportion of young Jews whose parents have been in the needle trade than in any other. The higher wages and better conditions obtained were seldom, if ever, employed in a different way than to give the children a better home and a better education. This applies to New York as well as to Philadelphia, to Chicago as well as to Cleveland, to Boston and Los Angeles, Detroit and St. Louis.

Wherever the Jew has not been in constant dread of being driven out of the country he has always proved to be the most substantial of citizens. France, England, Italy, could prove that. Not that he is better than any other individual, not that he is more intelligent, but because he has learned through a long period of suffering how to appreciate the good things of life. He has learned to devote himself to the task he is working at. He is ambitious, steadfast, purposeful. He does not waver or hesitate.

Strangers everywhere, the Jews had to prove more catholic than the pope, more patriotic than the native everywhere. The proportion of Jews engaged in the Civil War was entirely out of proportion to their population. Their share of Liberty Bonds was out

of proportion to their numbers or to the total wealth held by them in this country. The Jews in the Allied countries, as well as those living in Germany, had to prove their patriotism. And they did.

The medical profession holds thousands of Jews. So does the dental. The controlling power of the theatrical world in this country is now in the hands of Jews. They are occasionally being reproached with having commercialized the theater. One hears a good deal of this reproach among certain people of the "profession." But the truth of the matter is that there was no American theater before the Jews began to take an interest in it. There were a few strolling actors, a few precariously existing theaters in which renowned English actors occasionally came to play the classics, and in which less renowned but more popular American actors played the usual melodramatic slapstick. And while it is true that there have recently been on the boards a good many plays that would have been much better off the stage, it is also true that it is the Jews who have imported from abroad plays of great merit and encouraged native talent of a high order. Many plays would never have been imported from abroad or produced here by others than Jewish managers. The great Russian plays, the Hungarian and German plays, and the best of the French stage has been greatly encouraged by the Jewish managers of this country. It is those plays that have served as examples to the newer gen-

eration of playwrights, now grasping desperately for the stage curtain. The situation is much too complicated for the mention of the names of this, that, and the other man who has helped in the advancement of the American stage.

The moving-picture industry, such as it is, with its gigantic ramifications in which billions of dollars have been invested, and in which billions of dollars are being paid out in salaries, is controlled by the Jews. It was their vision and enterprise which transformed a novelty of the penny arcade into what is perhaps going to be a new art. While others continued to be skeptical about the possibilities of the movies, these men, erstwhile cloak-makers and glove-makers, invested their money in the industry which has by now become one of the greatest in the country. Incidentally, it has done more to introduce America to the rest of the world than any other medium has ever done. The American moving-picture industry is the greatest in the world and dominates all the markets. It is true that many productions leave much to be desired, but there have also been fine efforts, in which a good deal of money has been lost and which have been done with no commercial end in view. There can be no industry employing tens of thousands of people which caters only to the select few and produces only artistic works. There is no art in great quantities. It is with the moving pictures the same as it has been and is with literature; it is better for a boy to read

Horatio Alger, to read dime novels, than not to read at all.

In the real-estate manipulations of the big cities you will find the Jews engaged in great numbers. It is their vision which turned waste-lands and rocks in New York into valuable property, to house the hundreds of thousands, the millions, that were continually pouring into the metropolis. It is their vision and commercial sagacity which built up Chicago after the fire. It is not so very long ago that the land in what is now Los Angeles sold by the acre, with no buyers. To-day that very land has a value comparable to the most expensive New York property. Not because the Jews have raised the prices beyond the values, but because they have made the streets the business streets of the city. Competition between business men to occupy the busiest thoroughfares had become so keen that land there is as high as Wall Street land.

I could go on citing hundreds of names of Jews prominent in letters, in the arts, in the social world, and in political life. But there are many, especially of the second generation, who prefer not to be known as Jews. Not because they are falsely ashamed of their ancestry, but because of a distasteful memory of that distinction in the countries of their origin. It is not because they want to live down something or because they want to sail under false pretenses that they would prefer to be known as American. It is only because they want to take on a new attitude and because they

want the others to have toward them a new attitude. It is a psychological novelty for a Jew not to be treated as if he were an inferior person, and it is this psychological novelty that he wants to enjoy. And even when the Jews do intermarry with Gentiles (and there is no doubt in my mind that a good many of these intermarriages are frequently made not because of any particular love but because of the desire to dissolve oneself into the greater mass of people and become a unit with it), even when they do so intermarry, the sensation of the novelty of being one of the whole mass, instead of an individual set apart and distinct, never ceases.

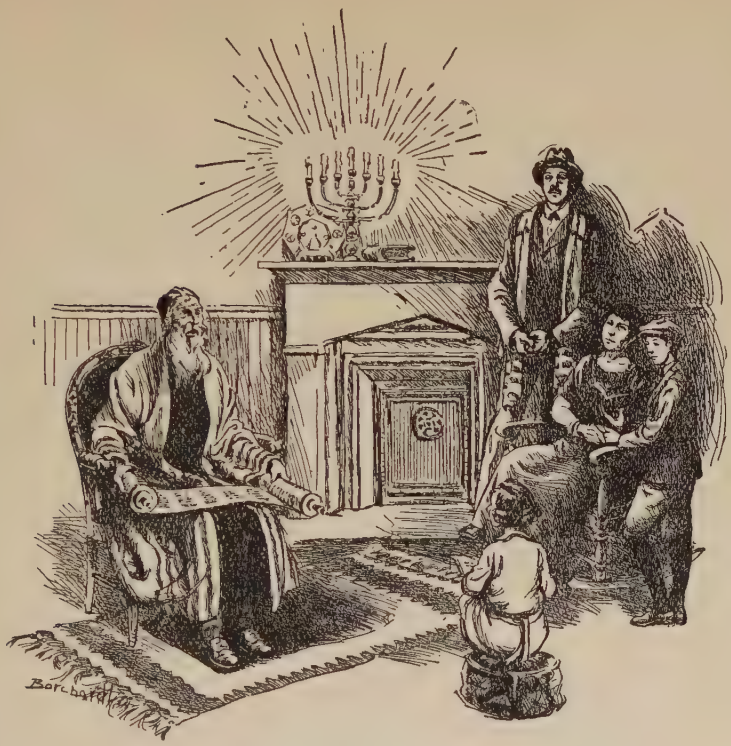
I have known parents of Jewish sons who refrained from visiting their sons married to Gentile daughters, or their daughters married to Gentile men, because they did not want to embarrass them with their presence. It is almost a custom for sons of Jewish parents who have married Gentile women to come home to their parents' house on Friday night. In this way the parents do not have to come to see their children, and the embarrassment has been relieved. Even when the wife of a Jew or the husband of a Jewess is of very liberal view, it is still preferred that the situation should not be very well known. Because the Jew has been persecuted for so many centuries, the idea has sifted through the minds of other people that he is an inferior being. And yet most people claim to have sympathy for the under dog. In the case of

nationalities, however, the hangman seems to have obtained all the respect—the hangman and the torturer instead of those who are hanged and tortured. "God is always with the big battalions," said Napoleon.

Much has been said of the bond that holds all the Jews together. You can hear everywhere that the Jews are always ready to help one another when they are in financial difficulties or in difficulties of any other kind. As a matter of fact, within the body of Jews living in this country, for instance, there are sharp divisions not only as to social standards but also as to national origins.

The attitude of the Jews living within different nations of Europe was always the attitude of the nationality they lived with. When Russia was at peace with Germany, the German Jews and the Russian Jews were at peace. The German Jews felt themselves superior to the Russian Jews because the Germans have always considered themselves spiritually superior to the Russians. In point of Hebraic learning the Russian Jews have been infinitely superior to the German ones. What of Hebraic lore and learning has remained alive has remained because of its preservation in Russia, because of the learning of Russian Jews. Yet German Jews consider themselves superior because Germans consider themselves superior.

The Rumanian Jews and the Hungarian Jews have never been at peace with one another because



The Orthodox Jews, for so long pariahs among all nations even before Babylonian and Egyptian days, grow still more devout here where, because their protective integrity is no longer necessary, they will so soon be dissolved and become a part of the whole

Rumania and Hungary have never been at peace with one another.

The Turkish Jews and the Greek Jews, the Austrian and the Polish Jews, have never been at peace with one another. And so patriotic have these Jews been in their own homeland that they have been accused by the reactionaries of working hand in hand in order to transform the social and political condition of certain countries to the benefit of some mythical world-wide Hebrew organization of revenge.

It is true that the Jews played an important rôle in the freeing of Russia from the yoke of the czar. But it is also true that Jews have furnished a great number of political prisoners in the last fifty years in Russia. They have fought for the liberation of that country for all these years, and their martyrs have been entirely out of proportion to their population. They have fought because they have loved Russia in spite of all the persecution against them. Many of the Russian Jewish youth consider themselves Russians and not Jews. It was as Russians and not as Jews that they fought for freedom from czardom, for the liberation of Russia, for the civilizing of Russia.

The socialist movement in Austria, the liberal movement in Italy, and the agrarian movements of the Balkan countries have been headed by Jews, young Jews who sacrificed their lives for the benefit of the nationality they lived with.

The Jews of Poland, although they have been persecuted for hundreds of years by the Poles, have fought side by side with the Poles for the liberty of their country. I venture to say they have supplied more money for the winning of the freedom of their country than have the Christian Poles, in spite of all the anti-Semitism, in spite of all the hatred, in spite of all the pogroms against the Jews in Poland.

All these prejudices have been brought over into this country, but they are no longer of a political nature.

The Jews seem to acquire a certain social rank among themselves in proportion to the length of their residence in this country. The Saphardic Jews who came here by way of Brazil, after they had been driven out of Spain by the Inquisition, consider themselves the aristocracy of all the Jews and keep themselves so apart in their social life from the others that intermarriage between a Saphardic Jew and a Russian Jew, for instance, is as rare, if not rarer, than intermarriage between Jew and Gentile. Of course, this is also due to the difference in synagogal rites, and also to the difference in language. The Saphardic Jew does not speak Yiddish; he speaks the Spanish that he spoke hundreds of years ago in Spain. The Saphardic Jews left many of their ancestors on the rack and the wheel, but they have taken with them the Spanish language, which they have preserved to this day. There are newspapers and weekly magazines

printed with Hebrew letters in the Spanish language wherever there is a center of Saphardic Jews, in New York or in Chicago.

The German Jews were the next to arrive in the United States in great numbers, and as such they are only *noblesse* of second degree, although they are wealthier and more powerful than the Saphardic Jews. Whatever communication there is between the Saphardic Jews and the others is through the German Jews.

The Russian Jews arrived next in this country and are considered a step further down. The German Jews keep as much away from the Russian Jews as the Saphardic Jews keep from the Germans. So it goes down the line, the more recently arrived always down the scale, in very much the same fashion as the *Mayflower* nobility counts its years in America.

It is only when there is a great calamity that all the Jews unite as such. It is only when they are in danger not as a nationality but as a religion that they respond much in the same fashion as all Christians, in spite of their enmities, would respond if they were in danger of being wiped out by a religious horde from India or Arabia. The Christians of Europe united in spite of all enmities between them during the Moslem invasions.

It is only when Hebraic culture as a whole is in danger that all Jewish hearts beat in unison. Even in the Zionist movement in this country, which is prac-

tically the heart and the money-bag that won the degree of independence for Palestine which the Balfour Declaration has given, you will find them divided into small national groups with all the national jealousies, responding only together to the religious and cultural principle behind Zionism.

In Palestine the small colonies are of national groups. Russian Jews, Rumanian Jews, have separate colonies.

The Jews respond *en masse* to great occasions, as for instance the Balfour Declaration of Palestine's independence, or the opening of the Hebrew Seminary in Palestine. On such occasions all distinction between nationality is dropped, and the religious and cultural cord that unites them all becomes evident.

But to say that one Jew assists another in business because of common religious interests is to ignore what really happens.

Because of the more frequent intermarriage between Jew and Gentile in this country, which has not always met with favor from the majority of the Gentiles, a new psychology has developed. I find that many people prefer the long-bearded, obvious, evident Jewish face to the more subtly transformed one. Not because they have any particular preference for the one who holds steadfast to his traditions and his individuality, but because it makes it much easier to distinguish him. If the Gentile does not like to associate with Jews, he does not have to ask the in-

dividual whether he is a Jew or not. It is a little more difficult to distinguish the smoothly shaven, American-dressed, and quietly garbed gentleman of Jewish nationality.

In North Dakota a lawyer thought himself very clever to have found an easy way to distinguish between Jew and Gentile no matter in what garb.

"You see, they use their hands when they talk," he explained to me, thinking to have discovered something new.

He did not know that he deprived himself of the association of at least a dozen very fine Frenchmen living in his city. He thought that he had the secret all to himself. He knew they were Jews because they talked with their hands.

There are others who have different signs. Before the onion had become a national dish at every table in the United States, before the particular qualities of the onion as food had been hailed and trumpeted, I often had people tell me that they could distinguish between Jew and Gentile because of the onion odor hanging about the Jew. Onions are served now on every table, and prominent Ku Klux Klansmen have pointed out to me that it was Jewish propaganda that had put the onions on the American table so as to make it impossible for the Gentile to distinguish.

"You see, they must eat onions. Their religion tells them so," a worthy gentleman explained to me.

And now the garlic distinction is put forward. But all these distinctions are unnecessary when the Jew wears his long beard and the black *kaftan* that reaches below his ankle. It is then easy to point out that he is not good assimilable material.

On my recent trip through the country, the Ku Klux Klan letters, "K. I. G. Y.," painted in three-foot sizes every hundred yards or so of Western road, "Klansman, I greet you," was only another sign of the intelligent Americanism of my Ku Klux friends.

Very little has been said about the agricultural activities of the Jews in America. I want to point out that the agricultural activities of the Jews are mainly based on an ideal and not on a vocation. In the last hundred years or so in Europe, to wipe away the reproach that has frequently been directed against the Jews that they shun all manual labor, agriculture has been one of the ethical ideals which have been inculcated into the Jews. They have been asked everywhere by their brethren to devote themselves to agriculture in order to prove to the world that they are not a money-mad people. I do not know how much wisdom there has been in that propaganda, but the Jews could have at all times pointed out, in Russia and Rumania and Poland, and in Austria, a number of Jewish agricultural colonies to prove that where it was possible they returned readily, joyfully, to the occupation of their ancestors in Palestine.

It is impossible to give with any degree of accuracy the number of Jewish farmers in the United States. There are Jewish farmers in even the remotest sections of the country, but in the census returns they have been reported as Russians, Germans, Rumanians, or, in case of native birth, as Americans. The figures that are available are from the Jewish Agricultural Society. These figures show that there are some four thousand Jewish farm families with a total population of about twenty thousand. I firmly believe, however, that double that amount would hardly do justice to the real number of Jewish farmers in the country.

There is hardly a State that has not a great number. New York alone, according to the Jewish Agricultural Society, has 1100 Jewish farmers, or about 6000 persons. Connecticut has 617, with 3085 persons. Massachusetts has 189 with 945 persons. In New Jersey the 758 families own 55,000 acres of land. In North Dakota they own 86,000 acres of land, in South Dakota 23,000, in Wyoming 22,000, in Connecticut 47,000, in Georgia 1000, in Massachusetts 12,000. The value of the land worked by Jews, and I quote the figures of the Jewish Agricultural Aid Society, is $22,194,325; and again I want to state that this is barely half of the real amount.

The bulk of the Jewish farmers in New York is to be found in Sullivan, Ulster, and Rensselaer counties. The earliest attempt to settle in that State was

made in 1837 by a few Jewish families who bought farms in Ulster County. And there on this stony and hilly land, well adapted because of its pasturage to dairying, the Jews began their agricultural experiment. Their chief reason for settling there was not because of facilities for living, as many have said, but because of the convenience of transportation and the nearness of the large cities. The local farm association of Rensselaer County is one of the first in this country to organize a coöperative credit union.

By 1907 a group of Jewish immigrants in Syracuse bought a large tract of land in Onondaga County about twelve miles from the city. There are large numbers of Jewish farmers on Long Island, on the outskirts of Brooklyn and in Queens County, with large dairy herds, who do a profitable business selling their milk in Greater New York.

There are three Jewish farm colonies in southern New Jersey, Alliance, Rosenhayn, and Carmel, all about thirty-five miles southeast of Philadelphia. They were all founded in 1882, the first two by the Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society, and Carmel by Michael Heilprin, with the aid of Jacob H. Schiff, Jesse Seligman, and Julius Hallgarten, together with other friends in New York. Alliance began with sixty-seven families, numbering about three hundred people. Rosenhayn originally comprised six families, and Carmel seventeen.

By 1889 the population of Alliance had increased

to 529, and its original 1100 acres were increased to 1400, of which 889 were then under cultivation. In the same year Rosenhayn had sixty-seven families, numbering 294 souls, and cultivated 261 of their 1912 acres. Carmel had then a population of 286 and cultivated 247 acres of their 848. During recent years, the Carmel colony increased its holding by the purchase of another 1500 acres of land.

Now the Alliance colony includes the largely industrial villages of Norma and Brotmanville; and Rosenhayn and Carmel have also become more or less industrial, in addition to their farming activities. These colonies are all prosperous, and a later settlement, at Woodbine in Cape May County, was begun in 1891. This settlement was founded by the Baron de Hirsch Fund, and was laid out on a tract of 5300 acres of land. In 1903 it was separated from the township of Dennis and became a separate borough. If this colony has not proved the great success many anticipated, it was because of the original elements that composed it.

As an example of tenacity the colony of Iola, at Devils Lake in Ramsey County, North Dakota, may be cited. The founders of this farming community, which is now successful, had formerly settled in Burleigh County, near Painted Woods, where on two occasions their property was completely destroyed by drouths, the first one of which was accompanied by a prairie-fire.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LITHUANIANS

EARLY in the year 1777 General Tadeusz Kosciuszko, a Lithuanian military man imbued with a spirit of liberty, came to help America in its struggle for independence. America was not then known as a haven of freedom but as a small colony that fought for its independence.

As a Lithuanian, Kosciuszko knew the value of independence. His own people had had little of it for any length of time in the last five or six centuries. Kosciuszko, spoiling for a fight in the cause of independence, came to America to help save the country for democracy.

A handful of followers from his country had come with him. And when these followers returned to their homeland they spread tales among the people of vast fertile fields that lay on the other side of the ocean waiting for the plow. Erelong, as soon as that independence in which the Lithuanians prided themselves in having played an important rôle had been gained, they began to arrive in larger numbers. As if this were another Lithuania. A free Lithuania; which had gained its independence while the mother-

country was still under the yoke and on the leash of its oppressing neighbors. We always fight better for our neighbors than for ourselves.

Soon large groups of Lithuanians had settled on the farms about New York and within the present confines of the city; and hundreds, later on, had been drawn into the construction work of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, to complete the road-bed from Shamokin to Sunbury, and to lay the tracks of the line of the Bloomsburg Division. And so diligent were they as workers and so steady that there developed a strong competition between different companies to obtain them for work in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania. Timid, small groups arrived at first at Mount Carmel, Shenandoah, Pottsville, Hazelton, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, and the other mining-towns of Pennsylvania. The Dutch came out of their huts and the women stuck their heads out of the windows to watch the procession of tall, broad-shouldered, high-cheek-boned men arriving daily in groups of twenty and more, and walking calmly along the roadway, looking right and left, and taking intelligent cognizance of their surroundings. These men still wore their home-made jackets of olive green and the pink or gray trousers tucked inside high boots, and *shapkas* of cloth drawn well over the eyes. The women wore striped skirts of great amplitude, and about their heads and throats hung numerous cords of muslin and silk, the ends trailing down the back.

Their white blouses were braided with black, and the enormous sleeves came to a tight end at the wrist.

The sober Dutch were at first unwilling to think that these people dressed so gaily for work, as they looked as if they had just prepared themselves for some masquerade ball. Were they the good workers that they had been praised for being? But it was not long before it was realized that these men were good workers because they did their work gaily, happy in the accomplishment of the smallest task, as if it were of the greatest importance. Before long, whenever it was possible in field, factory, or mine, the employers were satisfied to replace other workers with a higher paid Lithuanian. It was the first case of immigrants obtaining larger pay than natives. Up to then the contrary condition had been usual.

The flood of Lithuanian immigrants coming from the Zemaidi, from the lowlands of the River Niemen, was so big that it seemed as if the whole country was being invaded by them.

The men who had preceded these large groups had sent home glorious stories about the paradise of freedom, and it happened just then that Lithuania, which was suffering the inquisitorial rule of the czars, had also suffered a bad economic reverse. Lithuania had till then been a large producer of rye and wheat. Its flax had been in great demand in Holland and elsewhere. And suddenly the tree staple products became a drug on the market. A restlessness took hold

of the whole Lithuanian population. The migratory instinct, long dormant, showed itself. Emigration from Lithuania was not all directed toward America. Large groups went to England and Scotland, others to South Africa and New Zealand, to the Canadian Northwest and to South America. There are traces of them everywhere in different parts of the world. Wherever they have settled they have taken root and have remained to stay forever, staying near other peoples but only slowly and reluctantly mingling with them. Once a Lithuanian always a Lithuanian.

By 1896 the "land of opportunity" had a dozen and more newspapers and magazines published in the Lithuanian Language, which is one of the oldest Indo-European languages in the world. Some forty years before, the group of Lithuanian immigrants, including a few women and children, which had taken possession of the little village of Hamburg, now part of Chicago's Fourth Ward, published a small newspaper which was intended to give information about the laws and economic conditions in this country to the people abroad. Magazines and newspapers published in 1896 were an enlargement both in size and in scope of the little sheet published by the Dzuks and the Kapsas, the tribes that had come to the village of Hamburg; and these magazines and newspapers, which were distributed and handed on from man to man among the villagers and peasants in Lithuania, and among the newly arrived immigrants here, interested the new-

comers and hastened the exodus toward America. Peasants at home threw away everything they possessed for just enough money to enable them to pay their passage on the horrible boats which were then making the trip from Riga to New York. The conditions under which these people traveled were little better than the conditions on the slave-ships. There were no regulations as to how many passengers a boat might hold. No one had thought of sanitation and other such new-fangled things. One shudders with horror to think of the price paid by the youngest and oldest elements on these trips, for only the strongest could survive them. And yet Lithuanians are such a hardy people! What would be impossible hardships for others are weathered with little discomfort by them.

Before the end of the nineteenth century statistics show there were two hundred and seventy-five thousand Lithuanian immigrants in this country. They had spread out among the mining-camps and the road-construction enterprises, and many of them after having saved enough from their wages had gone back to farm work. There were Lithuanians engaged in tobacco-farming in Connecticut, Lithuanians working cotton plantations in Tennessee. There were Lithuanians in Ohio, Lithuanians in California, Lithuanians north, east, south, west, spread in small groups all over the country. The census registered them mostly as Poles or as Russians. There was no Lithuania then.

It is because of this that there is a wide discrepancy between the census figures of the Federal Government and the figures furnished by the Lithuanian organizations. The census fixed the total number at about one hundred and thirty-five thousand. The Lithuanian Convention of March, 1918, which has the best information because it has the figures of all the hundreds of societies, associations, and lodges of the Lithuanians in this country, fixed upon seven hundred and fifty thousand as a minimum estimate. It is safe to say that 1 per cent of the blood of this country is now of Lithuanian source.

As a people the Lithuanians are known in Europe to be one of the handiest people with tools. Even the Russians, who have never had any great love for their turbulent and intelligent vassals, have proverbs about the Lithuanian aptitude. There is one especially which says, "A Lithuanian goes into a forest riding his horse bareback and comes out of the forest afterward with a carriage and a beautiful harness." The Lithuanians can put their hands on whatever tools they please and can acquire the knack of a trade or skilled occupation quicker than almost any other human being. I have known Lithuanians who belonged to three different unions, to the cigarmakers', carpenters', and ironworkers' unions, so that when there was no work at one trade they could immediately jump into another one. And there were many trades they could have worked at if the union dues had not been so high.

Among the inhabitants of this country, the Lithuanians are the most prone to become fixed settlers wherever they go. They dislike moving from place to place. Many of the descendants of the original settlers of the Fourth Ward of Chicago, when it was the village of Hamburg, are still living there.

It is presumed that the Lithuanian is the oldest living nation in Europe. Unlike other nationalities who arrived long after them, the Lithuanians remained fixed almost in the same spot for thousands of years, spreading only very slowly as they multiplied from within. So much were they isolated in Europe from the other nationalities about them that their language was but little influenced by the flux and the currents of the languages in Europe. It is to-day what it was hundreds of years ago. The Sanskrit roots are still as clear and traceable as they were a thousand years ago.

The Lithuanians were the last people of Europe to accept Christianity, having become Christian only about four hundred years ago. And that not because they were more backward than the others but because they had their own civilization, their own traditions, their own mythology and religion. In the deep forests of Lithuania there are numerous groups which even to-day are devotees of their own hereditary code rather than the code that has been more recently accepted. Fire-worship is still practised by many of the people in Lithuania.

Once settled here, they immediately began to organize their social life on the same lines it has followed for many centuries in there country. The expression of their social life here is through social, literary, religious, beneficial, and coöperative societies. The spiritual and the economic are not separated as with other nations, but are combined together. In Chicago the Lithuanians have twelve very beautiful churches, from which all culture radiates, and which were also the center of the propaganda in the struggle that liberated Lithuania from the yoke of Russia and Poland during the recent war. There are five churches in Pittsburg, four in New York, three in Detroit. There are about 325 Lithuanian churches throughout the country. There is hardly a mining-camp, whether in the Mesaba Range, in Pennsylvania, in Iowa, or in Montana, without a Lithuanian center.

There is hardly a weaving-center without a Lithuanian group of its own. The Lithuanians are foundrymen in western Pennsylvania. They are textile workers in New England, silk-weavers in Paterson. The packing-houses in Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha are filled with them. They are tanners in Philadelphia, hat-workers in Newark, dock-workers in Cleveland; and the needle-trade of New York, Rochester, and Chicago, as well as the sugar-refineries in outlying localities of New York City, and the shoe factories in Binghamton, New York, and Brockton, Massachusetts, are anything but strangers to the

In Lithuania the story the young man tells is old, very old. Here in America, with the coal-mines in the background, the self-same story to the Lithuanian girl who wears the love-sash about her waist is as new as though it had never been told

Lithuanians; everywhere they are preferred workers. Not because they are easier to handle but because they are skillful and intelligent. There are few illiterates among them.

If one were to expect brilliant coups from the Lithuanians one would be sorely disappointed. As workers as well as thinkers and artists they are of a slow, plodding nature, getting there by the minimum nervous effort, but getting there in time because of the rhythmic persistency with which they drive forward. They are a very long-lived race. It is perhaps because of that that their efforts lack spontaneity. They have a subconscious reliance on their longevity. While men and women of a shorter-lived race would hurry to get to a conclusion in the shortest possible time, the Lithuanian, taking for granted the longer span of life that is his, gets there long after the other one has arrived, but gets there fresher and younger, with still more ahead of him.

Needless to say, such virtues have as concomitants a number of unpleasant and uncivilized attitudes which very frequently cause friction between the Lithuanians and other nationalities with which they come into contact. The Lithuanian considers himself superior to most other immigrant nationalities in this country. Not only because he regards his as the oldest surviving civilized European nation, but also because their literature and story-telling have inculcated into them a feeling of superiority. They point out they have

not become submerged by the more powerful nations in Europe. They have preserved their language. They have conserved their traditions. Racially they have remained comparatively pure. They will point out to you that Lithuanian blood is the bluest blood because it has not mixed with the blood of inferior nationalities, while all other nationalities are inferior. Conversation with a Lithuanian will quickly bring that feeling of superiority to the fore. The Lithuanian tailors assert that they are the best tailors in the world. The Lithuanian miners proclaim they are the best miners in the world. And when the needlework of their women, the beautiful woven cloth of the most charmingly harmonious color-combination, is exhibited publicly, the Lithuanians expect you to tell them that there is no more beautiful home product in the whole world. And as to the *melies risiai,* the love-bands worn by Lithuanian girls around the waist and in their hand-woven scarfs, the Lithuanians claim that there is no such thing elsewhere in the world. And there never has been. And yet the Lithuanians are not intolerant! They are so certain of their superiority that they do not insist upon it hourly. But a certain ironic smile always plays upon their lips as they listen to the accomplishments of other peoples.

In New York, different Lithuanian settlements are wherever there are Polish and Russian settlements, their neighbors and oppressors in their homeland, between Fifth Street and Twelfth Street, below Second

Avenue down to the East River. There still were some old women a few years ago on the East Side who, with thread and spool, dyed by themselves, wove cloth on their hand-made looms, singing folk-songs as they worked, or listening to stories told them by the older men, sitting on the floors with their backs to the wall. There are lovely bits of fabric produced by the interlacing of the warp and woof that one can still see hanging about the rooms of Lithuanian families, in New York, in Chicago, in Cleveland and St. Louis.

There was an old harness-maker on Sixth Street, the last of that trade to hold out in the lower East Side, whose work was such as to attract the lovers of leather-work from all parts of the country, some coming many miles to admire the work of his hands. I remember particularly a saddle and a bridle on which the old man had been working for fifteen years. Every day, after he finished work on his regular things, which he did in the most minute way, he would take down his saddle from a nail in the wall and would work for an hour or so at it. It was his recreation. The seams done by hand were so finely purled along, it was uncanny to watch him do it. He had inlaid bits of colored leather in such a harmonious combination of color, such harmonious and primitive lines, that it was a great joy to look at the things he had engraved, at the inlaid flowers and trees that he had embroidered upon it during the fifteen years that he had been working on the thing.

I asked him one day how much he expected to get for it. He looked at me with big, astonished eyes, and his soft voice suddenly became raucous as he yelled at me:

"No sell! No sell!"

"Why, then, have you made it?" I asked him.

He looked at me with contempt. I realized immediately the *faux pas* I had committed. After a while he added:

"You like everybody. Everybody buy, sell. Everybody buy, sell. I make this for me, for myself, like child for me. What you mean me sell this, eh?"

There was a Lithuanian tailor where I used to have my clothes made, when I was in money, for he was one of the most expensive tailors down town. Moreover he had another drawback. One had to wait, and wait long. Not because the tailor had too much work, and not because the tailor was lazy. But one had to go to half a dozen fittings before he would consent to release the coat from his shop. He wanted everything perfect. He saw defects I would never have detected.

This love of good clothes is characteristic of all the Lithuanians. Even among the track-workers and the miners and the farmers the Lithuanians are undoubtedly the best-dressed of our immigrant population in this country.

Associations are almost a passion with the Lithuanians. They are undoubtedly the best-organized popu-

lation. There is a Lithuanian Medical Association in Chicago. There is a Lithuanian Pharmaceutical Association. There is a Lithuanian-American University Association. A Lithuanian Roman Catholic Alliance. A Lithuanian Roman Catholic Federation. A Lithuanian Alliance of America. A Labor Association. Women's Associations. Knights of the Lithuanians. Literary Associations. And there is a Lithuanian Federation which includes them all, to which all these societies send representatives at the yearly conventions.

The nineteen different national societies in the United States have 1405 branches scattered throughout the country, with a membership of 475,000. Yet even this large number of branches of societies gives only a faint idea of the number of associations in this country; for a number of other clubs, dramatic and coöperative societies have not yet joined the federation whose figures I quote.

In coöperative work the Lithuanians are as strong as the Danes. There is hardly a Lithuanian colony without one or more coöperative stores. And all these coöperative stores have also a cultural side-show. Each coöperative store is also a literary, dramatic, and musical club. In Chicago and elsewhere operas and operettas like "Traviata" and the "Bells of Corneville" have been translated into Lithuanian and sung there. Besides, the Lithuanians have their own composers

like Pelrauskas and Simkus, who have composed numerous operas and operettas as well as songs, which the Lithuanians in this country have repeatedly produced and performed in their own language.

A good deal of the revival of Lithuanian culture was started and financed in this country. The Lithuanians living here have contributed largely to the funds which have been necessary to win the independence of the homeland, and thousands of them returned home as soon as independence was won. They returned not because they expected better economic conditions there than they had here. Quite the contrary. Each one of them was prepared to begin life anew. But they longed to go home, longed to live, even under poor circumstances, in their homeland, longed to begin a new life such as they had always hoped to live in their home country without interference from czars and other oppressors.

During the war I had been engaged in gathering material for the work done by the Lithuanian Association in America. I came in contact with a good many of the most cultured element of the Lithuanians. Like most people I was more or less ignorant of the true history of the Lithuanians, and had confused them with the Poles. In one of my conversations with a leading spirit of the association, a priest and doctor of divinity, I mentioned in a very tactless way the

kinship of the Lithuanians and the Poles. The gentleman left the table without another word, as if I had insulted him in a most unpardonable way.

A few days later I received at my home a little map showing me where Lithuania was in Europe. It was hand-drawn and of course comprised the dream of Lithuania not as it was but as it should be, encircled by Latvia, White Russia, Poland, and Germany, and spreading along a large part of the coast-line on the Baltic Sea. I could not help looking at it a long time, it was so unusual and so beautifully drawn. Every surrounding country was indicated in a different color; Lithuania was in gold.

A few days later I received another card, which told me that the ancestors of the Lithuanians were the Hittites, whose civilization was much older than that of Greece, and that the Thracians, Lydians, and Cappadocians, who were absorbed by the Greeks, were the nearest blood-relations of the Lithuanians.

And on a later day I received another note telling me that the Lithuanians were a peaceful people long before Christianity had been introduced on the Baltic coast, that the reason they had not made themselves known through history was because they had not been a warlike nation, that they had never been a conquering people and had not shed blood as the peoples who had won for themselves the attention of the rest of Europe. In short, the Lithuanians were "the people."

Some days later I was given information as to the mythology of these Brahmans. And so every other day bits of information about the Lithuanians arrived by mail.

A month later in the course of my work I met the priest again. After a few words of conversation he concluded that I had absorbed all that he had sent me, and only then he began to talk to me as an equal. I wondered at the great erudition of the man, but what amazed me afterward was to find that every Lithuanian, no matter what his station in life, is conversant with the details of his country's history, and can speak about his noble ancestry and his mythology in as thorough a manner as a professor of a university.

If one were to ask me whether the Lithuanians are an easily assimilable material, I would point to Lithuania. To their history. To their language. To their traditions. To their separatist quality. A people that has withstood floods of so many colors and speeds without being engulfed is not easily assimilated. There is no reason to believe that they would suddenly become otherwise than they are. You can bend a sapling and train it to grow in any fashion you want. But a full-grown trunk may become stunted, crack, die, but does not bend freely.

CHAPTER XV

SWEDISH AND NORWEGIAN FARMERS

EXCEPT for a few parts of the South there is not a single State in the Union where one could not find Swedish or Norwegian settlers. They are neighbors at home; they are neighbors here. In every village, wherever there are Swedes, there are also Norwegians, and Danes; Russians are not far away, and Germans are in the near distance. It has been said that the Swedish and Norwegian populations that come here are the easiest assimilated and become a part of the general body faster than any other nationality.

Various reasons have been ascribed for that fact, among them chiefly the northerner's loyalty to the country of his adoption and the blood-kinship of the Norsemen with the Anglo-Saxon people, which find immediate response here when they are placed in close proximity and provides a ground of understanding.

Even where the Swedes or the Norwegians in isolated cases do not live in national groups as they most frequently do, one finds them absorbed in the trend of the political and economic activity of the country. This is largely because the Swedes and the Norwegians,

The Swedes are lovers of music and gaiety, and their folk songs, lore, and dances are become an integral part in our education. To old settlers their festivals bring back wonderful memories; to the youngsters, an innate love for something they have never known

unlike the other nationalities that come here from Europe, have in their own home country lived on isolated farms, from which they kept in contact with what was going on through the written word in newspapers and weekly magazines. And they find no hardship in living in the same manner here.

But it occurs to me that another reason for the ease with which both Swedes and Norwegians assimilate rapidly, and are practically the only immigrants who become Americans in fact long before they have legally done so, is the Norseman's ability to forget. He clings tenaciously to his sagas and his traditions and to a few of the ways that he has brought with him from abroad, but this only anchors his soul so that he can adopt America as his country without fear of losing his identity. Neither Swedes nor Norwegians in this country are bothered by that fear as are the other nationalities.

Both the Swedes and the Norwegians are able to understand and grasp the political machinery of the country or the State, and to take part in its workings and to take advantage of them as soon as they have arrived. Of course, the difference between their languages and English is not so great as that between, let us say, Italian and English. In a few months a Norwegian has learned enough of the language to enable him to go about with considerable ease.

These people do not at all feel, even immediately upon arrival, that they are strangers who must stand

aside and watch without understanding the political workings of this country. They have come here to stay. They immediately inquire of its working; feel that it concerns them as much as it concerns the man who has been here twenty years, who was born here; and settle down to a life which, though an entity of its own, is part of the total entity of the country.

At home, both Norwegian and Swede have been trained to the political life of the country. They know it is not something outside them, concerning only politicians and they simply continue their own life here upon arrival.

There are three distinct periods in the Norwegian immigration to this country: their discovery of the North American Continent some nine hundred years ago, by Leif Ericson, and their subsequent voyages up to the beginning of the fourteenth century; the immigration of the Norwegians during colonial times; and modern immigration *en masse,* which began early in the nineteenth century and has continued till the present time.

The first settlement of Norwegians lasted three years, from 1003 to 1006, somewhere near Boston, and was ended by the poisoned arrows of the Indians.

The second settlement on the coast of Labrador in 1467, and the subsequent additions to it financed by the king of Denmark, had a longer life than the original one.

During colonial times both the Norwegians and the

Swedes came here in great numbers, while the Dutch were ruling New Amsterdam; and they settled, with the Swedes who had preceded them, on the Delaware. An example of the rapidity of their political adaptation is to be found in the fact that in New Amsterdam there were a number of Norwegians in high official positions, tax collectors, overseers, official translators. There is great difficulty in tracing them through history separately from the Dutch of that period, for they assimilated rapidly, intermarried frequently with the Dutch, and many of them changed their names—"Dutchified" their names, to use the phrase of a pamphleteer of those days.

The third period of immigration began in 1825, when the fifty-five-ton immigrant sloop *Restaurationen* arrived in New York on October 9, after a trip that had lasted four months. It carried a party of fifty-eight Quaker immigrants, and was augmented on the way by the birth of a little girl, who died only recently as the widow of Mr. Whitmore, the Chicago publisher. The Norwegians are a long-lived race.

If figures are at all accurate it is estimated that in the hundred years since this third immigration began more than a million people have arrived on American shores from Norway alone. There are between two and three million people of Norwegian blood in this country at the present time. There were three hundred and sixty-three thousand Norwegian-born people in this country at the census of 1920.

Up to the seventies the Norwegians arriving here were of the rural type. Unlike most other nationalities, instead of first making a stay in the large cities to accumulate money to go to the farm, or remaining in the cities because of a desire to abandon farming for good, most of the Norwegian peasants, having arrived here with a small amount of money, frequently bringing their farm implements with them from the old country, immediately set out to find farms for themselves. And as they were eager to obtain cheap land in order to invest their working ability, they pushed on to the Middle West, West and Northwest, and settled upon government land which they obtained for nothing or for very little, or on tracts owned by the railroads or other owners. They also bought land from the forest owners after they had worked for years as lumbermen, cutting the timber down and then clearing the stumps, thus becoming the owners of the ground on which their feet had first stood. People said to me in the West, "The Norwegian enters with an ax and leaves with an automobile."

It is true that the Norwegian in general is not a raiser of large families, a fact which was once looked upon with great disfavor. There are only a few Norwegian families where there are, as with the Poles, sixteen and seventeen and twenty children. But it is also true that infantile mortality among the Norwegian rural population is the smallest among the immigrants in the United States. Because of their

smaller families the Norwegian native rural population continues to live in the neighborhood in which it was born, expanding from within, continually clearing more land in the immediate vicinity, marrying into the families of the neighbors. It is estimated that they have cleared more than three million acres of land in Minnesota alone. It is they and their cousins, the Swedes, that have made Minnesota the "bread-basket of the world."

After the seventies and eighties the city type of immigrant from Norway began to come in greater numbers than before. Norway has furnished the smallest number of immigrants of the "no occupation" class. What they sent here from the cities were skilled artisans, carpenters, painters, electrical workers, machinists, cabinet-makers, and not the riffraff of the slums. Norwegian immigrants are rarily excluded from this country because of the literacy test. There is no illiteracy in Norway or Sweden.

The largest city centers of the Norsemen are New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Fargo, and Seattle.

One can find Norwegians in almost any lumber-camp. As lumbermen they are much sought after. As deep-sea fishermen along the Northwest Pacific coast and in Alaska they are the most successful; they have even developed a new type of boat for the purpose. It is the Norwegians who have added a new industry by raising and breeding commercially the reindeer of Alaska, thus adding to the national larder new

The Norwegians are the vikings. They come of stock that has led the way on land and sea. Whether it be the sturdy Norwegian woodsman cutting away in the vastness of our Northwest, or the Norwegian sailor, who takes to the sea as a natural home, they are of the same undaunted stuff

flesh. It is the Norwegian and the Swede who have made Alaska as habitable as it is.

Twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago, at the end of the first tide of urban immigration, in the late nineties, there arrived in this country a young man who after a short stay in New York went on to Chicago. For several years he worked in the lumber-camps as a farmer's helper in different States, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and later returned to Chicago, where he took a job as a streetcar conductor, after having worked for a short time as a shoemaker's helper. He returned home, after having been in Chicago close to a year, on a freight-ship.

That young man was Knut Hamsun, the great Norwegian writer who received the Nobel prize for literature only a few years ago. His stories and accounts of the life of the Norwegians in this country were the first ones that had come to Europe.

Like their cousins, the Norwegians, the Swedes arrived in great numbers during the colonial period. Before the year 1650 they had dotted the shores of the Delaware from its mouth as far up as Trenton, and several miles inland, with their farms and plantations, and spread immediately into Maryland and Virginia. They called the settlement Nova Swedia, New Sweden, and it embraced four of the original thirteen States, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey.

In 1655 the settlement had to surrender to the Dutch, and nine years later to the English; but this change of rulers interfered with its growth but little. New people arrived from the old country continually, and although the Swedish Government was deeply interested in the preservation of Swedish characteristics among them, they intermarried and assimilated first with the Dutch and later with the English as rapidly as they arrived. It is estimated that 6 per cent of America's population has Swedish blood.

In 1820 one of the Swedish clergymen wrote home to warn his countrymen from coming over. They ceased being Swedes, he argued. But although his letter was given wide publicity in the home country, the Swedish tide of immigration never ended.

Sweden has a population of about six million people, and yet according to the 1920 census there were about six hundred and twenty-five thousand people of Swedish birth in the United States. The total people of Swedish stock in this country is estimated at a million and a half. In 1920 there were more than sixty thousand farms operated by people of Swedish birth in this country. Eighty per cent of our Swedish population is rural.

Those who came during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century settled by choice or necessity in the West and the Northwest. These left the home country at a time of great religious unrest, and this may have contributed largely to their desire to segregate

themselves from the rest of the population. They sought salvation in isolation. They arrived with but little or no money, their chief capital being will and power to work, which contributed largely to making of them the successful pioneer farmers that they have become.

So great was their desire for isolation that instead of selecting their homesteads near rivers and lakes that recalled the home landscape, and offered easy means of communication, as other nationalities have done, they selected their lands deep in the wilderness, in the most inaccessible places, and built their log cabins or dug their earth huts in the wild forest. Yet ten years later what had been a forest had become a prairie of waving grain, the farms meeting one another from great distances; and the earth houses had grown to comfortable dwellings.

The Swede is a greater believer in labor-saving devices than the Norwegian. As conservative as he is with money, economical in all things except the strictest necessities of life, the Swedish farmer's barn and shed are always full of machinery, gasoline pumps, separators, grinding-stones, windmills, tractors. And when the family automobile is not on the road it is sure to be used as motive power for wood-cutting or to fill the silos. The Swedes are great inventors of labor-saving devices. One man, Andersen, has taken out patents on 150 such devices.

Swedish immigrants and their descendants have

cleared and cultivated more than ten million acres in the United States. In Minnesota alone they have two million acres under cultivation. In Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, the Dakotas, Kansas, Ohio, whole counties are almost exclusively Swedish. Compared to the counties wholly occupied by other nationalities, the Swedish farmers lead in wealth and progress. Always on the alert for the latest inventions and labor-saving devices, they were the first of the farming population to adopt electric light. Many of the Swedish American farmers in the West have their own plants for power and light.

While it is difficult for a stranger to differentiate between Norwegian and Swedish names and faces, it is comparatively easy with a little experience to distinguish a Norwegian from a Swedish farm from the appearance of the house and its yard. More often than not the Norwegian front yard will be cultivated as a cabbage-patch, the Norwegian believing first of all in utility. The Swede has an eye for beauty, and his front yard will very likely be beautifully landscaped, with evergreen wind-breaks and flowers in little pots of stone at which the wife and the children work. The Swedes are born horticulturists.

In Cromwell, Connecticut, are located the most extensive hothouses in America, the largest of them being owned by a Swedish immigrant who produces more roses for the retail market than any other hothouse in the country. In Chicago, the Paterson

Nursery is the most important establishment of its kind in the West. The Paterson house has made a specialty of importing bushes, seeds, and plants from Europe and exports equally immense numbers of American plants to the Old World. The Norwegian pine, the lumber of which is so much in demand, is, I am told, really of Swedish origin and was set out as early as the year 1700.

There are some fifty Swedish weekly papers published in this country, the greatest number of them being religious publications. The oldest paper is the "Augustana," the official organ of the Swedish Lutheran Church. It is seventy years old now. There are three weekly papers in Minneapolis and Chicago, with a circulation of more than sixty thousand. The "Augustana" is also the most important Swedish publishing house here and has published more than four hundred books in the Swedish language. Most of these books are of a religious and philosophical nature and of devotional poetry.

The Swedish Lutheran Church is the strongest religious organization of immigrants here and has some twelve hundred churches all over the country, besides a great number of cultural and educational institutions. Among the fraternal orders the most important is the Vasa, with about sixty thousand members. Besides, there are tens of other fraternal organizations and hundreds of glee-clubs and singing-societies.

A unique contribution of the Swedes is the choral

and instrumental music society of the Swedish community of Lindsborg, in Kansas. The chorus is composed of people living in the neighborhood. Part of the orchestra is also recruited from the neighborhood, farmers as well as small business men. The Lindsborg choir is one of the finest in the country. Its yearly performance of Handel's "Messiah" oratorio, sung by the Messiah Chorus, has become a musical event of the year. People flock to Lindsborg from a radius of hundreds of miles and find the occasions of great inspirational value.

The Swedes have a much gayer disposition than their cousins, the Danes and the Norwegians, and they seize every opportunity to give vent to their gaiety through their folk-games and folk-dances, which have so stimulated other nationalities that the different folk-games and folk-dances have been cultivated, and so have become better known than they ever were before. It is due to the Swedes that national folk-dances are now taught in almost all the schools of the larger cities; they form a basis of mutual understanding and greater mutual tolerance.

The Swedes have for a long time looked upon their dances as a "movement cure" of all disease and deformity. The Ling gymnastics have had and still have great vogue in this country. Who knows but that they are destined to play a greater rôle in the cure of uglier deformities than physical ones, of hate and intolerance.

I shall never forget my visit to a school in Benton County, Minnesota. The whole of Benton County, about seventy-five miles from St. Paul, was until not long ago covered with a dense growth of timber—oak, maple, spruce, ash, basswood, and tamarack. It is covered now with twelve hundred farms owned by people of nationalities as varied as the timber once was—Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, English, Irish, Danish, Austrian, French.

The largest Swedish settlement is in the vicinity of Foley. But there were children of all nationalities in the school. The little girls were dancing in the school yard, practising what they had seen at a church dance. It was a Swedish folk-dance. A tousle-haired, freckled boy was whistling the tune, his own feet and shoulders mimicking the steps of the dance. A little French girl, evidently newly arrived, for she still wore a *pèlerine,* a cape of blue serge on her shoulders, was being heckled by the other girls. The little "Frinchy" was angry and almost in tears. They talked and argued and tried to make her understand what they wanted but only bewildered her.

"What do you want of her?" I asked, interfering.

"Can you talk her talk?" several girls asked at once.

"Yes," and I put a protecting arm about Lisette.

"Tell her to teach us one of her dances."

Lisette laughed aloud when I told her what they wanted. Just then the school-bell rang and they scampered away, but an arm of a Swedish girl was about

Lisette's neck. She will teach them the dance, a minuet, a pavan, or a waltz.

And what I saw in Benton County I saw on Big Stone Lake, on Blue Earth, Watonwan, and Big Cobb Rivers, on the Minnesota, the Cottonwood, and the shores of the lakes and rivers that lace and spin through Minnesota. Everywhere the Swedes, like their cousins the Norwegians, were the great leaveners of the populations about them.

CHAPTER XVI

THE JAPANESE IN THE UNITED STATES

BELOW a certain level of intelligence there exists no real difference between people of different races or nationalities. At the lowest animal level of intelligence all human beings are alike. Above a certain level of intelligence and education there again does not exist any difference of race or nation; whatever difference there is of language, color, or size constitutes no barrier and does not obstruct relations.

In California I met for the first time large groups of Japanese between these two levels, industrious farmers, fruit-growers, and poultry-raisers, in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, from El Centro to Lolusa, in and around Los Angeles and Fresno, at San Francisco and Sacramento. It was comparatively easy to distinguish between the Japanese ranches (as all places above an acre are called in California) and the white man's farms. Either because of the difference of the mode of living, or because of the insecurity with which the Japanese has always regarded his holdings in this country, the farm home of a Japanese, even of a wealthy farmer, is far below that of the

home of a white man owning a similar piece of ground or of similar wealth. The neatness of the field, the straightness of the rows of salads and other vegetables, as well as the compactness of the carefully constructed greenhouses, is in direct contrast with the flimsy, improvised condition of the living-quarters of the Japanese. More frequently than not the horses have a much better home than the family on a Japanese farm.

On the white man's farm we see only men at work. On the Japanese one sees women and children in the vegetable-patches, in the flower-garden, or in the fruit-orchards, while the men are away, either marketing the stuff or working for white farmers. I have seldom passed a Japanese farm without seeing the squat forms of diminutive women grubbing the earth, moving slowly ahead as they sit on their heels, frequently with children strapped to their backs. From a distance they look more like giant bugs crawling along the path than human beings.

In the cities where Japanese live, in Los Angeles, in Fresno, or in San Francisco, they keep mostly to the poorest quarters. Crowded and huddled in a single street, their congested condition would be even more conspicuous if it were not for the noiselessness and quiet with which they move about. This, however, applies only to the older people. The younger ones, especially those born here, can be noisier than any other population. In the eyes of the older Japan-

ese the noisiness is regarded with great disfavor, as America's worst influence on the children of the mikado.

I had arrived in Los Angeles on the day of Hallowe'en. The city, as well as the celebrated adjoining suburb of Hollywood, was in no way different from any other day. Had not some friends of mine told me that evening at dinner it was Hallowe'en, I would never have known.

There was a little more animation on the street after nightfall. Here and there a few children, the boys disguised as girls and the girls masquerading as boys, with faces smudged with black and red, holding in their hands long stockings filled with flour or lime, were crowding the sidewalk and timidly ringing the little bells they carried in their hands. It was all very tame and timid, like a badly directed moving-picture scene hours before the camera begins to click. One never quite believes that anything is happening in Hollywood. One always suspects it is only make-believe. During a mild earthquake a friend once said to me: "It really is n't the earthquake. They are only rehearsing."

It struck me that I should like to see the effect of Hallowe'en on the Los Angeles Oriental quarters. The Mexican and Chinese and Japanese quarters are near one another; indeed many a street contains the three populations thrown pell-mell together, although there is a distinct Chinese quarter below the Los An-

geles Broadway. To a stranger that whole region presents something weird beyond words, unreal yet sordid.

Passing through the Mexican quarter first, I saw a little more animation than I had seen in the center of the city among the white population. There was a little more color, a little more animation in the eyes of the grown-ups who participated in the holiday of the children, although they took no active part themselves in the play.

But as I walked ahead a rumbling noise grew stronger and stronger. I was approaching the Japanese quarter. Bands of fifteen and twenty Japanese children, of all ages from eight to fifteen or sixteen, masqueraded, dressed in the most fantastic costumes, much in contrast with the improvised ones of the white children; and with the most grotesque masks on their faces, with decorated gongs and bells in their hands, they had taken possession of the sidewalks and were marching up and down, yelling and singing from the fullness of their lusty young lungs, as if a great energy had been long repressed in them and had suddenly found its outlet.

They invaded the Chinese district. Children, also masqueraded, were timidly standing in doorways and looking out. In a few minutes the Japanese youth had taken possession of the Chinese quarter, dragging tables away from in front of stores, chairs from within coffee-houses that were standing with gaping doors;

and before the few police had arrived they had overturned a dozen carts of the street-cleaning department, which were lying in an open space, and had blown every possible automobile horn. It was the old Hallowe'en spirit with a vengeance.

An hour later the whole of Los Angeles seemed to be crowded into the Japanese and the Chinese quarters, either because the spirit had pervaded the city from there or because people knew the Orientals were celebrating so gaily that they wanted to mix with a gayer crowd than could have been found up town. Indeed Hallowe'en seemed more of a Japanese holiday in which the Americans participated than an American one with which the Japanese had fallen in. The Japanese have no inventive spirit, but whatever they imitate they improve. They have not invented traditions, nor patriotism, yet their traditions are more traditional than the traditions of any people, their patriotism greater than that of the whole world, past or present.

A friend of mine said to me: "This is the fourth Hallowe'en I have watched in the Japanese district. Every year it gets gayer. They wait for it a whole year and prepare costumes and masks in advance to outdo the American population at their own game."

The increased gaiety is due to the growing up of the Japanese youth, who are entering into the graces of the nation by way of the Hallowe'en holiday. It is a very good way to get into the graces of a popula-

tion, for it is indeed difficult to quarrel with people with whom you have feasted and played.

Much has been said about the non-assimilability of the Japanese race, because of their racial characteristics, heredity, and origin. It was pointed out that even those who were born here had shown no disposition to become assimilated but on the contrary have pronounced antagonism to whatever is not Japanese.

I do not know whether this is so or not, but it strikes me we do everything possible to prevent the Japanese from being assimilated with the white population. We have States in which intermarriages with Japanese are forbidden. We have laws that work against their permanent settlement in this country. We have erected barriers against the arrival of Japanese women in the United States. What other means of assimilation are there except those of intermarriage, of blending with the population, and of being permitted to own property according to one's ability?

They are reproached with a lower standard of living than the white man. This may be true, yet what is frequently considered a lower standard of living is really only a simpler standard of living. Consumption of useless foods does not so much raise the standard of living as raise the mortality of a population.

No white man could reproach the Japanese on the ground of cleanliness. And if they are living in the cities in quarters too closely crowded, as is the case,

it is merely because of the spirit of exclusion which they encounter with the rest of the population. They are compelled to live in Ghettos. The feeling of insecurity, the fear that to-day, to-morrow, or some other day a law might be passed to compel them suddenly to raise tent and go, is also a cause of their poor home conditions. Under such conditions no other wealth but that which could be turned immediately into cold cash has any value at all for them. *Oppressed races the world over have had a lower standard of living because they were oppressed; they have not been oppressed because they had a lower standard of living.* The Jews in Russia, Rumania, Poland, Hungary, and Austria were reproached on the same ground by their respective governments. We were told that they cared for nothing but the accumulation of money. It probably was true. But money is the only wealth that has any real value to a people who are not sure of the stability of their homes.

The birth-rate per thousand of Japanese population in California is three times that of the Caucasians, notwithstanding the fact that the proportion of adult females to males among the Japanese was one to four. In a community where race-suicide is a danger, this should gain approval for them, especially since the infantile death-rate among the Japanese is in no way higher than that of Caucasians.

About 8 per cent of the children born in California are Japanese. In 1910 to a thousand white women

Barred out, kept from the melting-pot because they are of Mongolian blood, these keen, earnest people, the Japanese, yet stand as examples of thrift and ingenuity to their American neighbors

in California were born ninety-nine children. In the same year of a thousand Japanese women there were born 288 children.

The greater fecundity of the Japanese women has been given as a reason for their exclusion from the country. The fear of their increasing numbers is expressed everywhere one goes in California. But has not the same fear been expressed in regard to other people wherever they have settled in great numbers?

As a matter of fact, what really happens to the children, although we have regarded them as Japanese and averted our heads from them as from a growing evil, is that they are becoming so rapidly Americanized that the older Japanese people are up in arms against their tendencies. All the authority of the parents, and that authority was formerly a very great one, cannot hold the Japanese youth to his religion, to his traditions, and to his language. There are thousands and thousands of young Japanese men and women in all walks of life, who cannot hold even a short conversation in the language of their fathers. The gulf separating the older men from the younger ones is wider even than the gulf separating the white immigrant of any nation from his offspring in this country. All talk about their unassimilability seems utter nonsense when one comes in contact with the young Japanese. The Hallowe'en celebration at Los Angeles was merely a sample of what is really happening.

Imitative as no other human being is, the young Japanese not only imitates the American but improves upon him in his Americanism, efficiency, push, salesmanship, go-getting. These are the very credos of the young Japanese element.

Out of 3,893,500 acres of land under irrigation, the Japanese occupy 623,752 acres. In other words, a population of a little more than a hundred thousand Japanese in a total California population of more than three million has ownership or control of one sixth of the land under irrigation. *On this sixth of land the Japanese produce one third of the total crop value.* In other words the value of their crops was double, acre for acre, that of the whites. I am yet to learn of any other country where a greater productivity on a given area of land is considered a sin. The Japanese not only owned or controlled the land under irrigation, but they have put the land under irrigation and have helped turn the California desert into a paradise. As a matter of fact the Japanese own less than a half-million acres in a State that has 99,667,200 acres, of which 28,000,000, or a little more than one third, are in farms. The fear that the Japanese are possessing themselves of all the available California land seems groundless.

What has happened to other immigrant populations all over the country is happening to the Japanese. The native born of Japanese parents leaves the ranch and the farm in even greater proportion than do the

sons of the Poles and the Germans and the Italians. The natives are not at all anxious to work as hard as their parents have. No Japanese daughter born in this country crawls along a cabbage-patch, with a child strapped on her back, for twelve or fourteen hours a day. No young Japanese who has been through high school is so bereft of ambition as to desire nothing better than to work twenty hours a day in the heat and sun of California, in order to extract from the arid soil enough to supply himself with meagre food and poor lodgings.

Nowadays one meets the young Japanese American element in every walk of life, in banks, in stores, behind counters and desks, in offices and in high institutions of learning. Only three or four years ago Japanese saleswomen in Los Angeles department-stores were exceptions. To-day they are so frequent one pays no attention to them, though a stranger might be surprised to hear such correct and perfect English from almond-eyed, Mongol-faced young Oriental ladies, dressed in the latest imitation Parisian style. I am told that, far from encountering difficulties in obtaining such positions, they are really preferred because of their neatness and efficiency, because of their ability to deal with the Mexicans and Chinese. It is not because they work for smaller salaries that they are welcomed by employers. As a matter of fact the Japanese is anything but a humble workman, anything but a cheap workman. He is by nature arrogant and is unscrup-

ulous when he wants to obtain larger pay for his work. He makes it a point of honor not to get less than a Caucasian, and makes it a point of pride to get more than he, whatever occupation he enters.

The Japanese and Chinese question is as old as the State of California. The constitution of 1879 reiterated the words of the constitution of 1849 by beginning the provision dealing with citizenship with the words "Free white male citizen." Before that time the people of California had in their dealings with the Chinese learned of their dependability, their honesty and shrewdness in business, and had been impressed by the thrifty industry and ingenuity of the Japanese.

Chinese coolies had been brought to California to work in mines and in railroad construction long before these constitutions came into being. So long as there was plenty of work there was very little complaint about their existence, but when the hard times of the late seventies hit the country, the Americans rebelled at seeing Chinese work while they and their families starved. There was a period of rioting, and the Geary Exclusion Act of 1882 was the result.

Many of the Chinese then voluntarily returned to their own country. But those of the Japanese who were already here realized that the rioting was not a permanent condition. Shrewder, cannier, they made themselves as inconspicuous as possible and remained in the country, waiting for the ill wind to blow itself out.

We have since learned more about their sensitiveness and assertiveness. It would not be hard to believe that they remained here more in a spirit of protest than for any other reason.

The Japanese considers himself superior to any other race. His sensitiveness is so great that he never engages in any occupation unless he can outdo any other race in it. Every race and every nation considers every other nation and race inferior to itself. I am yet to meet a Pole, a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, a Russian, or a Spaniard who does not feel that every other nation is inferior to his own. What we really resent in the Japanese is not his inferiority but his superiority. We resent in him his ability to produce more on a given area of land than any other man. We resent in him his sensitiveness. We resent his being "marvelously prolific," in the words of Professor Kuno of California University. We resent his thrift. And the controller of the State of California even reproaches them because they are of no service to the small farmer, because they "are not a servile race."

"At first," he says, "they are willing to work for wages. Then for a portion of the crop. Then under a lease. And finally by hook or crook if possible they secure ownership."

Practically all of the hundred thousand Japanese, of whom a little more than thirty thousand are natives of this country, reside in twenty-nine of the richest coun-

ties of California. In eighteen counties they are climbing toward a majority of the population. In seven counties 75 per cent of the births registered are Japanese. In these counties they occupy about 50 per cent of the irrigated area and raise small fruits and vegetables. The younger element has now gone into the manufacture of furniture, hardware, and clothing, and still another element almost dominates the fishing-industry in the southern waters of California, for the fishing-industry has more and more fallen into their hands. It is not that they are doing the actual fishing work, but the business end of the fishing-industry has fallen more and more into their hands.

I visited many schools in and about Sacramento and in the San Joaquin Valley, where the majority of the school-children are Japanese, with only very few Chinese among them. Those born here, and almost all of them are, speak a much more careful English than the few white children in the classes. The teacher, although herself not free from anti-Japanese feeling, admitted that they were far from inferior to the Americans.

I talked to several boys over twelve years old, and they told me, after their natural shyness had been overcome, that they did not speak any Japanese. I laughingly asked them the names of several things that were in sight. One of them knew what a house was called in Japanese but did not know the name of a spade. A second one, when I had asked what the

name of lettuce was in Japanese, looked blankly at me and repeated, "Lettuce is lettuce." And when I insisted that it must have a Japanese name also, he went among the other boys and inquired. Finally he came back and gave me a very unpronounceable name, which I later found was a prank on his part, for it did not mean lettuce at all.

Those were the days before election. I asked them to tell me the names of the President and of the Democratic candidate. None of them hesitated. They knew. But when I asked the name of the emperor of Japan they looked blank.

I later tried that experiment with much older children, especially with two little Japanese waitresses in a Hollywood restaurant. We were chatting across the table. All the other guests were gone. When I asked the name of the Japanese emperor the older waitress looked very much perplexed, while the younger one threw her hands up in the air with a little helpless gesture and answered:

"That is funny. How am I to know?"

I repeated the same experiment with Yoro, the bellhop at the hotel. Yoro was about sixteen, and his answer was:

"Gee! If you don't know, how am I to know?"

These experiments were especially interesting to me because of the things I had read and of what I had been told of how a Japanese is always a Japanese; of how the children are compelled by their parents to at-

tend Japanese schools, and are being taught by Japanese teachers the traditions and history and purposes of their mother-country; of how in their churches it is preached that the mikado, or the *tenno,* as the Japanese call him, is the bodily representative on earth of the King of Heaven, that he must be worshiped as a god.

In New York some time ago I met a very cultured Japanese, Mr. Tamura, who had come here from France and had matriculated at Columbia University. It was midsummer, and talking French to me, which he spoke very fluently, Mr. Tamura complained that his English was not good enough, and he wondered how he could perfect it before the opening of the university.

The conversation took place in the parlor of a first-class hotel on upper Broadway. All outward signs pointed to Mr. Tamura's financial affluence. Whereupon I suggested, as a means to perfect one's conversational ability in English, that Mr. Tamura hire an English-speaking valet to replace the young Japanese who was acting in that capacity.

Mr. Tamura seemed much interested in what I said. He leaned forward, and from the snap in his eyes I realized that he had formulated a plan even while I spoke to him.

The following day this advertisement appeared in one of our newspapers:

Young Japanese, refined gentleman, wants service in house where there are other servants not Japanese. Box ——.

Must I say that Mr. Tamura, who is now a very important state official in Japan, perfected his conversation in English rather rapidly, for instead of having one teacher he had six, while working as a servant in a wealthy home? And as he himself explained to me later, "I could never have hired so many valets."

It is true, as most writers on the Japanese question have pointed out, that every Japanese belongs to one or more societies, which are in turn subsidiaries of one central organization to which all pay their dues and in which each one has a special rank according to his personal influence and importance. But that is true only in so far as the immigrant Japanese is concerned, just as it is true of the Danish and the Norwegian and the Polish and the Italian immigrant. The cry of all these national societies in this country is that they lose in membership daily. Their gain in membership comes from the immigration from their countries into this one. The loss of membership comes through the death of members.

The native sons of every nationality may sporadically form societies, clubs, which have a racial character, but never a national one. These organizations die as fast as they appear, and the greater part of our population is as free and immune from participation in them as they are ignorant of their existence.

What I have seen of intermarriage between Japanese and other races in the Hawaiian Islands does not seem to be very encouraging. This avenue of assimilation is almost completely closed to the Japanese of this country. The few intermarriages in this country with Caucasians usually involves only the inferior elements of both races and cannot serve as an example or a lesson for the future. The intermarriages of the national elements in this country are of a very peculiar character anyway. The Anglo-Saxon is by nature very exclusive. He holds himself aloof from other nations. Any charge of unassimilability should be directed against him rather than against the immigrant. The Anglo-Saxon asks subserviency. He wants to be regarded as an ideal for the other nations, an ideal that recedes as fast as it is approached. If clannishness is to be reproached, we should place the reproach at the right door.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHINESE

WHEN Charles W. Wood, who was sent by the Inter-church World Movement to China some years ago, was asked whether he knew anything about the Chinese, he answered that he did not, but was going to China to find out whether they were a nation of four hundred million laundrymen. On his return Mr. Wood brought back the most glowing account of what the Chinese really are, after having gone as far into the interior as any white man had ever been. It was because he had no preconceived notions of the Chinese that he could find out so much about them, that he could get near enough to them to understand, as much as it is possible for any white man to understand, their life and their psychology.

For any one to make a study of the Chinese in this country, and to deduce from the people met here the degree of culture and the psychology of the Chinese would be preposterous, chiefly because the majority of the Chinese in this country are from strata which in no way represent the Chinese nation. It is as if a geologist were to discuss our present surface by observing the surface of the glacial period.

In the East, in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and so on, the Chinese are mostly laundrymen. In the West the Chinese have for generations been as cooks around mining-camps and outlying ranches. Further out, in California, the Chinese have recently been employed as domestic servants to replace the Japanese, who are no longer in favor for that kind of work; the Japanese have become too independent to suit their employers, though it is said that they are among the most faithful and honest of working-men.

Unlike their kin the Japanese, the Chinese of America are not active and shrewd business men. Unlike the Japanese, whose neighbors they are wherever they live in groups, as they are neighbors in their homeland without any waste of sympathy or love, the Chinese are not as eager to assimilate, not as eager to become part of the country, not as eager to take part in its political life, as the Japanese are. From time to time we hear of Japanese protests against the exclusion of yellow races, protestations before international courts, protestations by their ambassador at Washington; but seldom if ever do we hear such a voice raised in favor of the Chinese.

While the Japanese Government is eager that its citizens living in this country should not be humiliated and discriminated against, the Chinese Government seems to worry little about its people once they have left their own country. Every Japanese in this country always feels that he is protected by his Government

and feels a corresponding loyalty. There is a strong home attachment between the Japanese and his native country, very much like that of the Germans when the German Empire was still strong, when each German still belonged to his Fatherland even after he had officially become a citizen of another country. The Japanese remains faithful to his emperor and remains faithful under all conditions, whether discriminated against or not. This may become his home; Japan is his country.

The majority of the Chinese, once they have left their own country, know that they have cut themselves off, that no matter what should happen their Government would never protest.

The tongs and different societies of the Chinese in this country are not, as many would have us believe, national societies for the protection of the Chinese. They are not favored or protected by the Chinese Government. They have neither national nor cultural value. They are organizations of quite a different order, independent protective organizations, more like rival bands than institutions. They are clans. Leagues. Bands.

One cannot speak of the Chinese without contrasting them with the Japanese. There are many Japanese students in our universities. Some of them were sent here by the Japanese Government to observe and absorb our culture. They return to their homeland and put all this into use for their own aggrandize-

ment. Exchange of civilizations is praiseworthy and should be prosecuted more vigorously the world over. By creating mutual understanding such exchange would prevent wars and hatreds.

A good many other Japanese students have been sent here by wealthy merchants, who watch for worthy students who can eventually become associated in their business. Others are sent here by their parents to get as much as possible of Western culture and also to give a better tone to the Japanese population here. The Japanese feels only in national terms and thinks of himself as a leaf of a tree. The wealthy Japanese silk merchants of this country are more than merchants or wealthy employers. They are princes, potentates, whose word is frequently law to the rest of the population; even the editors of the Japanese papers recognize their authority. No step of any importance is taken without consultation with the heads of these mercantile houses. Wherever he is, the Japanese considers himself an integral part of his country and his Government, a representative of it.

The number of Chinese students at our universities is so small as to be almost nil, and they are here by the grace of their government for some special purpose, as exchange students, as an international courtesy, and as a potent factor for the future.

Of the Japanese population in this country the youngsters fill the schools. The young native Japanese population of California is striving for a higher

education and competing with other populations for honors and privileges. Although the original Japanese population here was not from a much higher cultural level than the original Chinese population, they want an education for their children, they want an American education, not because they think that it is of greater value, but because you must be like a Roman when you are in Rome.

The cultural strata and the newspapers and Japanese magazines in this country have continually urged upon the Japanese to give their children the highest possible education in order to convince the Americans by their ability and by their standard that they are as good if not better than the Caucasian population.

Few have concerned themselves with our Chinese population; few have urged the Chinese to prove anything; few have urged every Chinese to be an ambassador of his people in this country. It is chiefly because of this that the economic and political standard of the Chinese in this country is much lower than their better organized kin.

Elsewhere I spoke about the Hallowe'en festival I saw in Los Angeles, in the Japanese quarter, how the Japanese children became an integral part of the population by adopting its holidays. But though the Chinese quarter adjoins the Japanese quarter in Los Angeles, there was no festival in the Chinese quarter. The sons of the Celestial Empire stood outside and watched the procession of Japanese children in their

grotesque masks pass up and down and make noises. They smiled at it all. They knew it was a ruse. They even admired the ruse. But they were too honest to have thought of it.

Foo Mah, living in Los Angeles, one of the subtlest philosophers I have ever met, said to me:

"It is always so with the Japanese. Wherever they come they pretend they are like the people they have come among. And it is only after the people have accepted them that they begin to show they are different. It is even so that they have had the best of China. It is even so that they have won the battles. It is even so in business and in schools and everywhere. Japanese readily put masks on their faces. It is good for them to put masks on their faces so no one sees. Sometimes the mask is of a man that laughs, and underneath the mask the man can grin or be very serious. And sometimes it is the mask of a face that weeps and is very sad, and underneath the mask the Japanese can laugh and amuse himself while everybody thinks he is sad. We Chinese are always as we are. The only way we can disguise our feeling is by keeping quiet. We do not lie. We only do not answer."

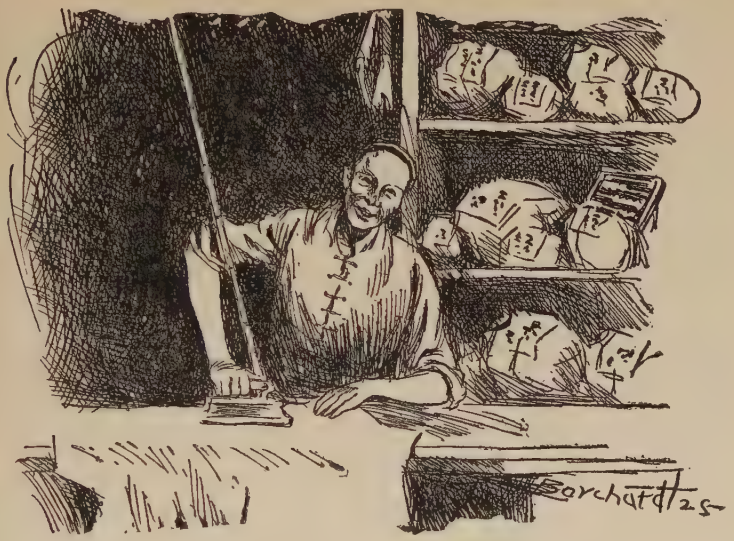
Of late on the West Coast Chinese of a new element have shown themselves. One can see that they are either from different parts of China or from a higher cultural level which has been forced to leave

China for economic reasons. Though they are working at menial occupations, as house-servants or cooks, as laundrymen or day-laborers for Japanese employers, it is easy to see that they have sprung from a better class than their predecessors. I have watched them in the Buddhist temple of Los Angeles and observed how they distinguished themselves from the rest of the Chinese who came there. You could pick them out one by one and separate them from the rest of the flock.

They are not eager to be different from the others They have not accepted Christianity or in any way tried to assume Western airs. But one could distinguish them by their gentleness, by the finer build of their bodies, by the more elegant swing of their limbs. They are taller and straighter than their predecessors. Their legs are finer drawn; their limbs are more sinuous and of longer musculature. They have a most pleasant smile with open eyes when one talks to them and they begin to understand.

From the musical lips of those youngsters who have already learned English it is a pleasure to hear the language, with a quaint twang and intonation, and with quiet accentuation of syllables. An almost dainty way of phrasing things. Flowery. Mazes of *arabesqueries.*

But have they an ambition to go to college and mingle with the rest of the white population? Foo Mah said they have not. He said they come here because



To a great many folk the yellow race is the yellow race, and a Chinaman is for the most part a laundryman. True, to the Occidental mind the Oriental is inscrutable, but could we know one half the subtlety of this unfathomable character, we might possibly achieve at least an understanding of their exquisite art, poetry, and philosophy

of better economic conditions. He said their parents have sent them here, frequently involving themselves in debt for the rest of their lives, so that their children might live a better life than they themselves were living, and also, apparently, from a desire to save them from the danger of Japanese domination in China itself.

The irony of the situation is that they come here again to be neighbors of the dreaded Japanese; for in almost every city where the poorer class of Japanese live the Chinese are also in the neighborhood.

The Chinese have been reproached with the traffic in opium and other narcotics, which has grown to tremendous proportions in the last few years, especially since prohibition. While this is partly true, it is also only partly true that the Chinese have the greatest percentage of opium addicts. It must never be forgotten that opium is not a drug of Chinese origin. It was almost forcibly introduced by the Dutch into China many years ago. Poppy cultivation has been almost forced upon the Chinese. When the Chinese Government took steps to stop the cultivation of the poppy and the importation of the poppy product from the outside, we had opium wars.

When I say "we" I mean the white race. We have practically compelled the Chinese to injure themselves by the use of opium, so that we may get a profit derived from their injury. Yet now when we have become conscience-stricken, we have not recognized the

fact that you cannot suddenly take away a narcotic from an addict after he has been trained to it, after it has become necessary to him.

As to the opium traffic, it is a well-known fact that an addict is likely also to be a trafficker, as almost every trafficker is an addict. No one but an addict to any one of the narcotics would be likely to traffic in it, not only because of the dangers involved in the contravention of the law, but also of the danger of selling the stuff to half-crazy maniacs, who when they have not the money to buy it, may use their knives or pistols upon the trafficker.

The tong wars in this country are generally the result of such traffic among the Chinese. Foo Mah, who knows the Chinese of this country better than any other man, for he has been making a special study of them in relation to the white people here, told me that the Chinese who come here become addicts after they get here and do not bring the habit with them. He also declared that seven tenths of the violent murders in this country could be directly traced to narcotics, among whites as well as Chinese.

What other joy is there left for the Chinese man? The natural joy of living with a mate has been taken away by the law of the country. White women refuse to marry him. He can only associate with the lowest elements of the white population, with prostitutes and degenerates. For this the law of the country is responsible. In the West there have been

marriages between Japanese and Caucasian people. Such marriages, especially with the Mexicans, have almost ceased to attract attention because of their frequency. Yet in the Eastern States the marriage of a Caucasian with a Chinese is likely to attract wide attention, as if it were a monstrous phenomenon. We are curiously provincial in this respect. Though we have associated with Asiatics for many generations, and though in culture the Chinese as a nation have always been our superiors in many respects, we still consider them heathens.

In other countries, especially in England, the opposition to the Chinese is much weaker than it is here. Indeed, of late among the better class of English women marriage into the better class of Chinese has become fairly common. Rebecca West, who knew several ladies that had married Chinese husbands, told me they had assured her that Chinese make wonderful husbands. They are attentive and tender and, to quote one of her words, "responsible."

Like the Italian the Chinese needs no particular climate in which to live. He is unusually hardy and adaptable being. Climatic conditions have little to do with his choice of locality. The impression he gives, because of his swarthiness in color, is that he would prefer a warm land to live in. As a matter of fact there are great numbers of Chinese in Alaska and the cold Northwest, and great numbers in the re-

motest parts of Canada. There are also Chinese in the hottest parts of the Imperial Valley, in New Mexico and Texas and Arizona, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and its surroundings. They can live anywhere, everywhere.

It seems to me that in the conditions under which they live they will never form an integral part of the country. They will always be an isolated island from which we shall derive small benefit. Those of the Chinese who have come here have cut off their existence, as if they were lepers on an island. As they are not permitted to bring their wives, the United States is a place where they come to die, not to live.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SPANIARDS

UPON his recent visit to this country, Ignacio Zuloaga, the famous Spanish painter, came to me one day with flaming eyes and flushed cheeks, and before he had even said a word of greeting he repeated over and over:

"Extraordinary! Extraordinary! Extraordinary! I have never thought of that. I have never thought it was possible. It is so fantastic I cannot get over it. Oh, this is a wonderful country! I cannot understand, I cannot grasp most of the things I see. I am bewildered."

He was so enthusiastic, so rhapsodic, I could not edge a word in to find out what was the reason for his outbursts. When he had calmed down Zuloaga said:

"The Basques. Why! Did you know there were Basques in this city?"

I smiled. Yes, I knew.

"But did you know how many there were?" he asked me.

I told him I knew that also.

"It is phenomenal!" he exclaimed again.

"Now, calm yourself, Zuloaga, and tell me what has actually happened to you."

Ordinarily Zuloaga speaks a clear and somewhat clipped English which is very understandable. And though his French is as good as that of any Frenchman, his emotion was so great that he could not explain himself clearly either in English or French; he frequently resorted to his mother-tongue, Spanish, and even then he threw in a number of Basque words, for he is of Basque origin himself. Finally I got the following story out of him.

"Imagine, yesterday I was called up on the telephone by a man who told me he was the representative of a Basque society. And he asked me whether I would not like to have dinner with them and be with them that evening. I had of course other appointments, yet I asked:

" 'How many of you will be there?'

" 'Oh,' he answered, 'a good many.'

" 'Will there be Basque people who talk Basque? Will there be Basque food and Basque women?'

" 'There will be everything,' he said.

"So I canceled all my other appointments, some very important ones, and told him I would be ready for them. At seven o'clock a man stopped with his automobile in front of my apartment and called for me, and we rode and rode and rode through the city, and then we crossed the bridge over the East River and rode again for quite a little while, and then we

stopped in a little street. At the house before which we stopped the doorway was hung with Basque flags and American flags and Spanish flags. And when I came in the music began to play an old Basque folk-song. And there were two thousand people inside. And they all talked Basque. And most of them had part of their Basque clothing on them, and some of them were even completely dressed in Basque national costumes. And the table was spread and the food was Basque. And then they danced and sang and made merry, and I joined them and played the guitar for them.

"But that was not all. Along about ten o'clock at night two huge policemen appeared in the hall, and I thought there would be some trouble. But these policemen came up to me and talked Basque to me. I almost fell off my chair. Basque policemen in the United States! In New York. And then there came two postmen in their uniforms, and they too talked Basque. It was *merveillcux,* most phenomenal. And to be so many thousands of miles away from one's own country and then find that in a certain place you have a considerable group of people of your own country who live and talk and conduct themselves exactly as in their own homeland! And then have a policeman come to you and talk Basque. What more do you want? A policeman. A postman. Why! It shook me off my seat. 'But how?' I asked. 'How?' And then they told me that there are Chinese police-

men and negro policemen and Jewish policemen. That there was no distinction. That there was no difference. And that you have policemen of each nationality, of their own kind, for every group, for every Ghetto. I had at first been marvelously impressed about the Wall Street buildings like artificial cañons. But this was much more."

I am giving a rather extensive account of Zuloaga's impression because it is the impression of most visitors here.

"Why," I told Zuloaga, "the Spanish were of the first settlers in this country. A good deal of their blood is on this continent. Of the people who lived here until a hundred years ago, before the great immigration brought masses of people from all parts of the world, I have no doubt that many had Spanish blood in their veins."

But Zuloaga was too much impressed by the extraordinary element of the Basques in Brooklyn to follow me closely.

What he said about the Basques is largely true about the Spaniards living now in this country. I am speaking of recent immigrants especially, of those who came here about thirty years ago, who remained here through the Spanish War, and of those who came here after the peace with Spain. They hold to themselves a good deal. If they mix at all it is with the South American nationals who live in

the large cities of the United States in very large groups. They keep away from the Anglo-Saxon and other elements and live largely by themselves, engaged in business, particularly among themselves, with only here and there some daring spirit who ventures out of his vista. I am assured that there are more than a hundred thousand Spaniards living in New York alone. There are large groups on Seventh and Eighth Avenues from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third Street, with several churches of their own, with a number of literary societies, singing-clubs, and several very charming book-stores which exhibit in the window translations from modern American writers into Spanish. There are other large groups of a much poorer class, living down on the East Side below Perry Street and the Bowery. These are families of stevedores and other sailor people. On Fifty-ninth Street there are other large groups, strongly mixed with people of the Latin Americas, from Chile and Gautemala, from Cuba, and also former residents of the Philippine Islands. There are other large groups further up town between the eighties and the nineties, around Central Park West.

There are regions around Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea, in California, where almost fifty per cent of the native population is of Spanish origin. All southern California, from Los Angeles down, is basically Spanish. The architecture of California is Spanish. The undercurrent of the culture there is

Spanish. The names of the streets and towns and villages are Spanish. And the whole region looks as if it had been cut off from Spain and transported there. Here I must tell something of the Spaniard that has seldom been mentioned. Of all human beings it is the Spaniard who in settling down looks most carefully for an almost exact reproduction of the climate from which he comes. Physically the Spaniard cannot be uncomfortable longer than is absolutely necessary. Discomfort makes life impossible for him. It makes him ill. He brings with him the latitude and the longitude of the place where he was born as well as his spices for food, his temperament, his songs, and his attitude toward life. He is too much of an unconscious philosopher to want to begin the change, which will require generations to complete, by first making himself uncomfortable. Even in the choice the Basques have made of Brooklyn for their Ghetto one could see with what particular care these people have for the choice of the location in which to live. I have found people of almost every nation in the North and Northwest. I inquired everywhere as to national groups and where they were. But in Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, and Montana I found not a single living Spaniard. At Fargo I was even told that no Spaniard had ever set foot in that part of the country.

I spoke about North Dakota with great enthusiasm to Emilio Ragaza, a Spanish writer living in Los

Angeles. The first question he put to me was, "What is the climate?"

After I had described the climate to him he refused to hear any further.

"I am not interested," he answered. "It is not a good climate. Why go there? New Mexico is a second Spain."

And it is. One might as well forget that he is in the United States when in New Mexico.

It is characteristic of the Spaniards in this country that they have possessed themselves of certain lines of business and held on to them regardless of anything that happened. There are thousands of Spaniards occupied on boats of all kinds, as stevedores and as able-bodied seamen. But I have looked high and low to find how many of the higher posts in the merchant marine were held by Spaniards, only to find that if there were any they were very few. Most captaincies of ships in this country are held by people of Scotch origin.

The lace industry has been until recently largely in the hands of Spanish merchants. It is only now being disputed by the Greeks and Armenians, who are attempting to take over what was almost exclusively Spanish.

The Latin Americans here are engaged in the tobacco business. Most cigar factories manufacturing the better kinds of cigars employ almost exclusively people of Spanish origin. The actual merchandising

In the cow-country of California the Spanish vaquero adds a note reminiscent of picturesque Spain for the panorama of this country of many peoples

of coffee is also in the hands of the Spaniards. But to show how reluctantly and slowly Spaniards are giving way, once they have had their hands on an industry, I must point out that to this day they have a number of *vaqueros* in California, the old type of Spanish cowboys, who still hold on to their profession in spite of the fact that a newer and more active cowboy has come to replace them. The Spanish absorption of business is so gradual that it is a very slow process to expel them from it.

The Catalonians are slowly getting hold now of a branch of the dry-goods business, importing linen manufactured on the looms of Barcelona, as well as Spanish shawls, which have lately come so much into vogue. But because of the particularity of the Spaniard, because he needs to live in an exact reproduction of the climate he was born in, he is not capable of spreading himself all over the country, but is only active in certain regions, while his competitors, the Armenians, Greeks, and especially the Italians in the olive-oil business, have a far wider range because of their ability to live everywhere, go everywhere, and thus in time they dislodge the Spaniards.

The Spaniards are as regional in culture as they are in all the other walks of life. Theirs is a local spirit. Until recently Spanish art and Spanish literature have seemed dormant. To most people outside of Spain it seemed that Cervantes was the last man to wield a pen, and that Spanish music was discovered by Bizet

when he wrote "Carmen" and by Rimski-Korsakof when he wrote his "Spanish Caprice." Spain has veiled herself away from the rest of the world. When the veil was lifted we were confronted with Spain's golden cultural epoch. During the centuries of humble political existence Spain crystallized herself, discovered herself; and when the veil was withdrawn the world was amazed with what had actually taken place there. Not only the old but the new, palpitating, living at present, are of artistic standards unsurpassed in any country. I am speaking of modern Spanish literature, modern Spanish painting, modern Spanish music. Through all three runs a strong Hebraic and Moorish vein which is at the basis of Spanish character as well as of Spanish culture. It is the Spanish in this country who have brought and who will continue to exert that Oriental influence which will tone and tinge and soften and deepen the more or less ultimate type of American of which every one speaks.

CHAPTER XIX

OTHER NATIONS

I HAVE not intended to give in this book a complete study of all the nations in the United States. It would be idle to pretend that I know them all at first hand. A man's life is not enough to get in direct touch with them, to study them and to come to certain conclusions about each one, about each one's future in this country. All I have hoped to do is to make a study of certain groups, wherever I found people of new nationalities, and to deduce from the conduct of these groups the conduct of the majority of that nationality.

Probably about sixty different languages are spoken in this country. There are as many different sets of national and racial traits, as many different sets of customs that are still continued in a measure by the people who brought them here.

I have avoided giving statistical data, not because I was unable to put my hands upon them, but because I realized more and more what little value they have when one considers not the number of things but the soul of things, and when one tries to figure out with one's heart and one's mind what is going to happen in the future.

The devout Hindu, earnest in his endeavor to reach the goal offered for attainment in America, yet stops at sundown that he may abase himself toward Mecca

I have seen Norwegians and Finlanders up in the North living the manner of life they lived for hundreds of years in their own north. Only a short distance from them, in the Imperial Valley, I have seen Hindus in their homespun clothing, in their turbans, in their bare feet, drive oxen yoked to a wooden plow in the fields of California, in the valleys between San Francisco and Santa Barbara. I have seen farms in which Armenians, of whom we have always been accustomed to think as business men of the cities, Armenians who were brought here by the different relief societies and settled upon farms of the Imperial Valley; I have seen them still in their half-Turkish clothes, with brown fezzes upon their heads, digging and scratching, planting and cultivating in their own way as they did for centuries in the neighborhood of Mount Ararat.

Close by in the large cities were the Armenians who had come here before them, who had established themselves in business, who had become wealthy. And they, if they did not know, refused to know anything about their own kin not far from them. They were ashamed of them. They were ashamed that it should be known in the United States that Armenians are peasants and farmers. As to being of any assistance to them it was beyond their slightest intention.

"Why," I argued, "the whole world has come to the assistance of the poor Armenians in their plight."

An Oriental shrug of the shoulder was all I re-

The Armenian girl who wears upon her exquisitely molded features the saddened, wistful expression of her long-suffering race, may here be found at the same pursuits as in Armenia, but with a sureness of step and clearness of eye that tell of the happiness which has come in the new, peaceful haven

ceived in answer. The rich Armenians of this country have not contributed any of their wealth to the relief of their poor brethren. They have given us the privilege of being charitable.

Further away from them I have seen Chinese farmers in the Imperial Valley, and seen how different their farming was from the farming of the Japanese, who had adapted themselves and accepted everything the white people had to teach them in agriculture. Further down in Arizona a group of German agriculturists had succeeded in raising dates and a group of Swabians had succeeded in raising figs.

I have always thought of the Greeks as merchants of the kind I had met in New York and Chicago. Grocers, restaurant-keepers, tobacco manufacturers, owners of shoe-shine parlors, fruit dealers. I have seen them everywhere in these capacities. It seemed to me that these were their only fields of endeavor in this country. I changed my mind when I reached Seattle and saw hundreds of them occupied in the fisheries, from Alaska down. There have been Greek fishermen in Alaska for decades, and they have worked alongside of the Finns and the Norwegians and Russians who were there long before Alaska became American territory; Russians, tall men, white-bearded men, with clear blue eyes and florid faces, who to this day still keep the attitude and the mien of Moscow merchants.

In Grand Rapids, Michigan, I met hundreds of

Macedonians. They were not Greeks, they declared; they were Macedonians. Although their language was Greek, and some spoke a Greek as pure as the Greek of the ancients, because they have refused during the centuries to corrupt their Greek with the modern slang now used in Greece, they refused to be known as Greeks.

In Jamestown, New York, in the mills, I have met Albanians. There were only two hundred of them, people of the same origin and the same country. They were all working in the mills and factories. But Peter would not work on Friday because he was of the Mohammedan religion; John would not work on Saturday because he belonged to the Russian sect known as Sabatniks; and though the rest considered Sunday as the Sabbath day, each one went to a different church, while about twenty had their services read to them by the oldest member of the community, because they were not in a position to import a Greek Orthodox priest of their own from their home country.

What is one to say of the Magyars, of the Hungarians, of whom there are tens of thousands? You can find Magyars in every walk of life in the United States and in every degree of adaptation and assimilation. There are American newspaper men of Hungarian origin, American judges, American attorneys, American millionaires, American magnates, American actors, American actresses, American writers and

musicians of Hungarian origin. And the mines everywhere are full of them. There are mines in Pennsylvania and villages in Pennsylvania in which no other language is heard; one gets the feeling of being in Hungary the minute one has stepped off the train. There are whole streets in Chicago, in Detroit, in Cincinnati, where no other language is spoken but Hungarian. As I have pointed out elsewhere, wherever there are Hungarians there are Rumanians in the neighborhood, Serbs to the right, Bulgars to the left, and Greeks not far away from them, with Russians in the offing, whole Balkan groups everywhere from one end of the country to the other.

There was no sense of permanency until a few years ago in these groups. As soon as a man or a family had accumulated enough money to return home they did so. When they had estimated that they could reach their respective little villages with a thousand or a few thousand dollars in their hands, they realized how little that amount meant in this country and how much it meant in their own. There they could almost be independent for life with such a sum. And back they would go, only to return again a few years later, dissatisfied with the conditions they found at home, dissatisfied because they knew of better conditions elsewhere. Half of the earnings of these people were swallowed up by transportation back and forth. There is a feeling of greater permanency now among

To visit a village of our Greek fisherman upon the coast, to see the beautifully painted boats with their queer lateen sails come skimming home before a fair wind over bright green water, is to have had a brief glimpse of life on the far-off Mediterranean

these people. The quota has been limited. The very thought of inability to return at will checks them. They mutter and complain, they are frequently dissatisfied, but they stay on. Because of that, their standard of living is much higher. There is less disease among them. They no longer deprive themselves of absolute necessities. They, too, have joined the great majority of immigrants who consciously or unconsciously have decided to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their children. I say "sacrifice" deliberately. It is my firm conviction that to the mature immigrant arriving in this country life here under the new conditions, even when better than at home, is martyrdom, because he has been torn away from all his associates and from all that his memory has been associated with.

Once this sense of permanency has taken hold of most of these people, their attention to their offspring is much keener. They become proud of their sons' and daughters' accomplishments in the American way. In little villages in Ohio Rumanian fathers and mothers insisted on showing me how their daughters and sons, even little tots, could jazz and shimmy. It was something Americans did, and their children did it just as well. George or Petru or Gregory no longer hoards his money in old stockings, or sewed in a belt that is always worn about his person, counting it every night before going to bed and every morning before

rising. Gregory and Peter and George are buying homes.

A good deal of the strength of real-estate speculation east, west, north, and south is due to the money of immigrants that has been released from secret hiding-places. Bankers everywhere told me that more money is coming to them than could be invested properly.

With all the pride in the Americanism of their children, at odd moments only very too frequently these people feel that they might have done just as well if not better had they remained at home and worked as hard there as they have worked here.

In the twenty years that I have lived in this country I have traveled half of the time. There is not a single State that I have not visited. In those twenty years I have observed so many changes that to have fixed as permanent any single observation would have bewildered me on a second encounter with the same fact. I have learned to know how rapidly things change, how rapidly populations and occupations change, how different strata from different populations succeed one another. I have learned to know that the great factor in their development and in the cohesion between these nationalities and the people who were already here was not as much what the natives had to offer them, or were willing to offer them,

as in what the new-comers were willing to accept from them.

The Germans and the Scandinavians adapted themselves more rapidly than the others because the populations they found here were of a civilization so akin to their own that they could gain acceptance for the culture and traditions they brought with them. The influence of the Germans and the Scandinavians upon this country has been far greater than the influence of the rest of the population upon them. It is only recently that we have begun to appreciate the gifts these people bring, and it is in the measure that we accept these gifts that we cohere with these people, that we shall have that cohesive whole which makes a country, though it will be yet some time before it will make a nation.

I have set down whatever I have felt as being the truth, guided by the love that I have for people. If I have pointed out faults, it is not because I love faultfinding but because I thought that pointing them out would help eradicate them. Like Pascal I love those who tell the truth, even with tears in their eyes.

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